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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the present almost oppressive stillness of public life Mr. Balfour's speech on colonial preference was welcome as a breeze. From time to time this country really ought to be pulled up and made to consider the imperial position. The colonies want to give us a commercial preference; we decline to meet them half way; still they give us a preference; foreign countries press them so hard that they are forced, getting no preference from the mother country, to make, independently, their own terms with our foreign competitors, cutting into the preference they give to Britain. If a man does not see that this means commercial decline for us and the slow resolution of the Empire, either he will not, or he is blind. Mr. Asquith will not. His answer to Mr. Balfour was merely the advocate's request for particulars.

Sir Edward Grey's answer to Mr. Dillon's Egyptian speech was more satisfying than most of his answers. He had undoubtedly a good deal to explain, but he did make it perfectly clear, if words mean anything at all, that the Government are determined to assert beyond question the maintenance of British authority in Egypt, if necessary, by force. Sir Edward Grey did not abate one jot from what he said the other day; he rather went further. One may, one must, wish that the Government had had more foresight in Egyptian matters, when there might have been no need for these emphatic assertions of the British intention to stay in Egypt. However, if, as we believe, a new chapter is beginning, we need not harp upon the past. But the public, now alive to the Egyptian danger, will hold the Government very closely to Sir Edward Grey's strong words.

The keeping out of Lord Kitchener is being quite skilfully managed. He was offered the Mediterranean command, which carried with it a seat on the Imperial

Defence Committee. He declined the command, finding that it commanded nothing in particular in the Mediterranean—so he loses his seat. In the end, of course, somebody may be persuaded to retire from the War Office and Lord Kitchener may be put there. But this will only happen if public indignation is really stirred. The idea at the moment, naturally, is to keep out of power the most brutally capable man. Mr. Asquith's reply to Mr. Bowles on Tuesday shows this clear enough.

There are the gravest objections to Lord Kitchener. He is a huge worker himself, and he expects everybody else to work. He never could understand why his brother, Arthur Kitchener, the engineer—one of the kindest, best of fellows—was not constantly up and doing. But many men hate hard work. Again, he wants to refit and reorganise armies: it is not to be thought for a moment that, if he got high military power just now, he and the officials could hit it off comfortably. Some of the cartoonists are fond of representing Mr. Haldane as Napoleon: Napoleon and Hercules—as Lord Rosebery once called Lord Kitchener—would never have worked in double harness.

If Sir John French's views of the military forces of Canada have been correctly set forth, he has returned from his tour of inspection assured that the material is all right but the organisation wanting. The truth would seem to be that in the Dominion, as in Great Britain itself, the voluntary system is a failure. Numbers do not come up to the minimum deemed necessary in peace time, and strategic considerations have been left pretty much to chance. Lord Kitchener has shown the Australians how they may get an efficient defence force without doing violence to their ideas of freedom. Something of the same sort is wanted in Canada. There has been much talk about the co-ordination of imperial and colonial forces. Canada can at least claim that she has little to learn from England in the working of the voluntary system.

Mr. Keir Hardie persists in his questions about India; under the Seditious Meetings Act the Rohtak district of the Punjab has been proclaimed, and he tried to heckle the Government about it this week.

Happily Mr. Montagu was very firm—there is not the smallest doubt, he let the House know, that the district has been rightly proclaimed. We fear the state of things in India has not at all improved of late. What has virtually broken down the nerve of one Viceroy, a gallant and typical Englishman, has by no means lessened for his successor; and, so long as Indians come over here in growing numbers to be educated and to move in English society, it is hard to see how the evil can be cured.

An Indian comes over here and mixes on equal terms with many people, and is received with hospitality and courtesy by English ladies and gentlemen and moves on equal terms among them. But this in some degree must be changed when he returns to his own land. In India it is felt that white women must mix with white people. It is not an evil prejudice, it is an entirely wholesome instinct. But, of course, the Indian cannot look on the thing in this light. He is aggrieved by what he regards as shabby treatment, and often he becomes an evil mischief-maker. People like Mr. Keir Hardie know of course nothing about these inevitable colour and class distinctions; they have not the judgment or social training. These, indeed, are questions quite as remote from the imperfectly educated as are foreign affairs.

There are matters which Mr. Keir Hardie thoroughly understands and has a full right to speak on. He is an expert on mining, on trades unionism, perhaps on the labour question—in this country—all round. When he tries to hold forth on the extremely difficult and delicate question of government in India, or on the affairs of the Foreign Office, it is as if the Secretary of State for India or the Secretary for Foreign Affairs took to working a mine with his own hands or to carrying on the affairs of a trades union. Only with this difference—that the mine and the union are by comparison extremely simple things which can be understood by any intelligent man in a year or so; whereas the governing of India and the handling of foreign affairs demand the most highly trained minds. Mr. Snowden might understand the affairs of the Treasury—has he not already inspired a Chancellor of the Exchequer?—but Mr. Keir Hardie could never have the faintest notion of Indian or foreign affairs.

The British Government has, it seems, just trampled on the "rights of man". It appears that Savarkar—the Indian student who is being taken to India to be tried for sedition—escaped from the ship's bathroom at Marseilles, and actually landed on French soil. He was arrested by a French policeman and given back to the British detectives. When the ship had sailed away, the French Radicals decided that the rights of man were badly damaged. The French policeman should have remembered them, and have refused to give up Savarkar to anybody but the chief of the harbour police at Marseilles. Savarkar, they say, must be brought back, given over to France, and not restored again to Britain till his case has been thoroughly examined. All because a French policeman forgot about the rights of man and made an official blunder! The French Government for its life must take the matter up, and it is doing so as politely as it can.

Mr. Churchill is to be congratulated upon continuing and extending the reforms which were begun, if timidly and tentatively, by his immediate predecessors. The old system, just an instrument for human degradation, existed up to 1868; it was so utterly hard and inhuman that it required drastic alterations which have still to be completed. We hope that the rule of silence will be relaxed, at certain times, for all long-sentence prisoners and that better sanitary arrangements will be made for those who are locked in cells. Four lectures a year seem certainly few enough where reformation is to be the desideratum. So long as the prison tasks shall not be neglected, nothing but good could come from what will employ the mind and elevate the soul.

It is not pleasant to think that a multitude large enough to make up about three Continental Army Corps are sent to prison every year because they cannot pay the fines imposed, and it is now intended that they shall be given time in which to pay them. Clearly the State would be a two-fold gainer, for by this means it would secure the fine and would be saved the expense of keeping men in custody. We are glad to see that the whole trend of reform is on the principle of "anything but the prison". There might be punishments more immediately painful, there may be remedies more complex and difficult, but there is no process so absolutely destructive and demoralising as shutting people away from the warmth of life, to stagnate behind stone walls.

Mr. Masterman got the better of his critics on Wednesday night as to the florists. Florists' assistants are worked hard enough as it is, and no further exemptions from the Factory Acts need be claimed in behalf of their employers. A florist's assistant can be worked for twelve hours in the day, with two hours' overtime on condition that notice be sent to the factory inspector beforehand. The argument for working them yet harder is that the girls may lose their work to foreign men if their employers are not allowed to work them as they please. But it appears only one foreign man and one foreign boy have up till now been taken on in place of English girls. The master florists ought not to have any further latitude. If the Government granted what was asked of them, they would be setting up for florists' hands the equivalent of a sixteen-hour day.

After the excitement of last week there have been a good many mutterings amongst both suffragettes and anti-s. The anti-s had a great demonstration in Trafalgar Square last Saturday and the suffragettes are having one to-day. Then the anti-s have founded a National Anti-Woman Suffrage League, fathered by Lord Cromer and Lord Curzon. But of all the mutterings the altercation between Lord Lytton and Mr. Churchill has been by much the most audible. Lord Lytton has not been too careful in his choice of words to describe Mr. Churchill's conduct. It is clear that the Bill's supporters all believed that Mr. Churchill was going to both speak and vote for it. Hence their bitter chagrin at his rending the Bill instead. Mr. Churchill says they had no grounds for believing he would support the Bill and that they had misrepresented him. This looks like a mutual misunderstanding. But one does feel that something must have been done or said to make the suffragette party so sure of Mr. Churchill before the debate.

Mr. Lloyd George, his attack on the Conciliation Bill notwithstanding, declares himself a fervid supporter of women's suffrage. Indeed, it is apparently the wish of his life to see women enfranchised. But it must be done his way. He is a democrat first, woman-suffragist second. We have no doubt Mr. Lloyd George will vote for womanhood suffrage if he has the chance. He would be afraid not to. He thought the present Bill would tell in favour of Unionists, so he did not trouble about consistency but voted against it. He is not one of the knights of the suffragettes. He will not sacrifice his party for them. He is not like Lord Lytton, who gives up his best friend. Knighthood in certain cases becomes Quixotism. Talk of chivalry in connexion with a vote is ludicrous.

The House of Lords is seldom startled; but startled it was on Tuesday by a speech of Lord Eversley. Lord Eversley objects very much to the religious census. The House having declared last week on the motion of Lord Newton that it wants a religious census, Lord Eversley's plan was to ask the House to declare this week that last week it had made a mistake. So he examined the division list, and found that the Peers who had voted for Lord Newton's motion were not worthy of respect. "Of the thirty-eight noble lords who supported Lord

Newton only four or five would be members of that House if that noble lord's scheme for its reform were carried into effect." Lord Newton thought a practical joke was intended. Even Lord Lansdowne (who had not supported Lord Newton) was annoyed.

We should say there is one consolation for a Secretary for Scotland—he gets two thousand a year. Save for this, the office would be wholly disgusting to most men: Lord Pentland is perhaps reflecting in this wise. He is the latest victim but it is hinted that he may soon find relief—that he will have to go, the set against him being so very bitter. But Lord Advocates as well as Secretaries for Scotland before now have suffered and been stronger than Lord Pentland. After a terrible night Lord Dunedin, one recollects, was pursued by one or two of the Highlanders and Lowlanders even to the platform of Westminster Bridge station, and there heckled at twenty minutes to one in the morning. Irish estimates are often child's play compared with the Scotch estimates.

Satisfaction at the Unionist success in Kirkdale is severely chastened by reflection on Mr. Kyffin-Taylor's programme. So far as he won on Tariff Reform, we are of course unreservedly glad. We should like to think that the increased majority exactly coincided with Tariff Reform advance. But Mr. Kyffin-Taylor took the utmost pains to make any success he might win appear to be the reward of contemptible religious intolerance. This type of bigotry, especially when he is also a sham soldier, as often happens, is never a valuable addition to the House. One must admit that Mr. Cameron, in avoiding theological dispute, took a higher line as candidate than Mr. Kyffin-Taylor.

The batch of working men who went to discover Germany for the Labour party have made a report. It is, we believe, the fourth of its kind. These men went to Germany hoping to discover that the country was not a paradise where good things come of themselves; and, of course, they are delighted to tell us that they have seen what they intended to see. We hope now that Germany will be given a rest. The thing has become ridiculous. When Radical Free Traders told working-men that Germany was a place where, owing to a tariff, people fed on offal and lived in unspeakable poverty, it was natural that the Tariff Reform League should send out parties to see for themselves that the Germany of black bread and horseflesh was all platform bosh. The League chose their parties well. Free Traders, Liberals and Socialists were of them, as well as Unionists and Tariff Reformers. Their work was done when the Radical lies about Germany were upset. There the matter might have ended.

But the Labour party retorted in schoolboy fashion by going one better. The Tariff Reform League having satisfied us that Germany was not altogether bad, the Labour party wished to prove to us that it was not altogether good. No Tariff Reformer ever said it was, and no Tariff Reformer is disconcerted to know that it is not. We knew that in Germany, as in every modern nation, especially England, there is some poverty, some unemployment, a great deal of bad housing, much underpaid work and real hardship. The Labour-party Commission has discovered that not every man in Germany has a job, is well-paid, well-fed, well-housed, or beyond the reach of hunger; and it attributes these things to the German tariff. The things in which Germany has the advantage of us it attributes, not to the tariff, but to the superior wisdom, skill and commercial foresight of the Germans. Mr. Haldane, too, said something of the kind on Monday at the Holborn Restaurant. These Germans, say the Free Traders, are prosperous because they are wise. Yet these wise Germans have in their wisdom a tariff! What is more, they believe in it.

The mystery of the North-Eastern strike, begun continued and ended in three days, is the inadequacy

of its occasion. A shunter named Goodchild was removed from one yard to another against his will, without any other change in the terms of his service. He refused to obey, and he was suspended; whereupon the other men broke their contracts and stopped work. The Scotch railway servants also came out; and traffic was suspended between the North of England and Scotland.

Relations between the North-Eastern Railway and its servants have for some years been strained. The men belong to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, but when, on the occasion of the threatened strike several years ago, the Board of Trade brought about the agreement with the other companies for Conciliation Boards, which averted that strike, the North-Eastern Company refused to join. This may account for the North-Eastern men coming out without consulting the Amalgamated Society's officers. These, however, helped by the advocacy of Shunter Scott on Thursday night, got the men to accept the company's very generous terms. Here is a striking case of the wisdom of dealing with the general trade union rather than with men privately.

It is a law of the newspapers that things happen. If there be no crisis, and no scare, there must be many murders. We can hardly remember so big a crop as has followed the horrible discoveries at Hilldrop Crescent. Most of these "sensations" are of the usual sort, served up in the usual way in snippet and headline by the daily press. But the "Crippen" murder will last. Here is a crime of no common sort. From the criminal records that show the mistakes made by murderers in their panic we know that even the more hardened are usually aghast at their deed and escape in terror how they can. But here was a murderer who worked for hours to obliterate his crime—used all his knowledge and skill—and, when the work was done, went on quietly living in the same place for weeks. Then, under the eyes of the police, he gets away at the last minute.

It seems there is no "copy" like a good murder. For the last week the streets have been horrible with shouting placards of clues here and clues there, of discoveries and conjectures. As for Fleet Street itself, one felt:

"This is no place. This is a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it."

Of course it is hopeless to expect that any paper will avoid horrors, and leave its rivals to reap the reward of malignancy. Yet it is time protest were made by the more self-respecting. Could they not at least agree to keep these things from the placards? The way in which the craving of the public is fed and stimulated hour by hour when there is anything particularly horrible to hear about is a disgrace to English journalism. The morning snippets and the morning placards leave just the right degree of unsatisfied hunger for the evening snippets and the evening placards. And so it goes on. The modern Fleet Street man has not much to learn from the yellowest Yankee in New York.

The escape of Dr. Crippen throws into striking relief the contrast between the methods of the police in England and the police in France. Crippen was actually suspected of murder; his house was searched and himself interrogated; yet the police apparently did not dream of arresting him. True, a woman had disappeared and her husband had not explained it. But there was no body—no evidence definite enough on which to arrest. It is not the business of the English police to trouble themselves greatly about anybody till there is something more than presumption of guilt. Compare this with the Rochette affair. The French Government held Rochette to be a swindler; but there was no legal evidence of this. The French police made their evidence and had him arrested. In France they

get their man and try him afterwards. In England a man has to be half tried before he can be even arrested. Well, ours is the more excellent way after all.

The balance (£8000) required to make up the fund necessary to free Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition from financial difficulty has not yet been made up. This is not to the credit of the nation; especially is it discreditable to London. Rich people must have spent far less than usual this season. Surely out of their accidental savings they might spare something towards an object truly national, truly imperial, at the same time an ideal for all the world and for all peoples. What is £8000 amongst the wealthy men of London? Cannot sixteen of them come forward with five hundred pounds apiece? Sir Edgar Speyer's strenuous public spirit deserves backing.

Another Academy! academic indeed; idle, mischievous. At present this body is content to be called the Academic Committee. There are to be forty members, who between them will see to it that the well of English be kept pure and undefiled; who will make "discourses of reception" and "obituary addresses" as occasion seems to require; who will give away medals to the most deserving and crown such literary works as the committee approve. This suggests Chantrey Trust methods.

At seventy Mr. Thomas Hardy has been declared by the State to be meritorious: the Order which was George Meredith's is now his. Who can deny that in this country we recognise good work in literature? That we take our time over it is another thing. Hardy's first story came out in 1865; "Under the Greenwood Tree", 1872; "A Pair of Blue Eyes", 1872-73; "Far from the Madding Crowd", 1874; "The Return of the Native", 1878; "The Trumpet-Major", 1879. So it has taken the State thirty or forty years to see merit in Hardy. Were another Shakespeare born to-day he might, if he lived long enough, get the Order of Merit by about the year 1980.

The cellar of the National Gallery in which Turner's water-colours were for so many years nicely hid away has been closed for repairs. We trust that the transference of these works from Trafalgar Square to Millbank will not in any way ruffle the great men who, thanks to the Chantrey Bequest, have enriched the nation—and incidentally themselves—by so many popular pictures. But it is not quite safe from the popular painters' point of view to have Turner too near their own works. Who can tell—might not the Chantrey pictures in the end get into the cellar?

In 1881 Ruskin wrote a preface for the edition of "Drawings and Sketches by J. M. W. Turner at present exhibited in the National Gallery". This preface, oddly enough—or perhaps not at all oddly—seems never to have appeared in the National Gallery official edition of this catalogue. However, we chance to have the third unofficial edition (which was reprinted so late as 1899) at hand, and it may be interesting to give an extract or two. "That in the largest and, I suppose, richest city in the world [wrote Ruskin] the most delicate and precious water-colour drawings which its citizens possess should be kept in a cellar, under its National Gallery, in which two-thirds of them are exposed to irreparable injury by damp in winter, is a fact I must leave to the British public to explain."

The sting, however, was in the tail—"The Trustees of the National Gallery will, I trust, forgive my assumption that some day or other they may enable their keeper to remedy the evils in the existing arrangement; if not by displacing some of the pictures of inferior interest in the great galleries, at least by adding above their marble pillars and vaulted ceilings such a dry and skylighted garret as any photographic establishment opening a new branch would provide itself with in the slack of the season". Ruskin was too hopeful—Turner never got his garret in Trafalgar Square.

THE DECLARATION DIFFICULTY.

THAT the people of this country should take a deep interest in religious matters is on the whole one of the best signs of the times. It is also on occasion inconvenient; because it prevents the dispassionate consideration of any proposal having a religious significance. The Accession Declaration Bill is a case in point. We have expressed our opinion that the Government proposal should receive the support of all reasonable men. To that opinion we adhere; but we are beginning to doubt if in such a matter as this the support of reasonable men is enough. Certain it is that the Bill has to face several different currents of vehement opposition. To begin with, there are the Extreme Protestants. Convinced as they are that a great conspiracy is on foot to subject the British Government and People to the Pope of Rome, they desire to exclude from the throne not only avowed Roman Catholics, but also those members of the Church of England who are in their view papists at heart. Such men, they think, would be quite ready to describe themselves as members of the "Protestant Reformed Church established by law", but would boggle at condemning Transubstantiation, Invocation of Saints and the Sacrifice of the Mass "as they are now used in the Church of Rome". There may possibly be persons who would accept the designation of "Protestant Reformed Churchmen" but would not reject the doctrines alluded to, since human nature is infinitely various and unaccountable. All we can say is that we have never met such people, and we do not believe in their existence. The attitude of a section of the High Church seems to justify our scepticism. To men of this school the suggestion that the Church of England should be declared to be a Protestant Reformed Church and nothing more is infinitely distasteful. The arguments of those who take this view are familiar enough. Protestantism, they say, is a purely negative attitude, and a Church which has no positive creed stands self-condemned. To those who urge that no candid man now suggests that the Anglican Church is exclusively Protestant and that on the contrary she has abundantly made good her claim to be regarded as a true branch of the Church Catholic, they reply that in the ordinary language of theological controversy Protestant is the antithesis of Catholic, and that for Parliament to label the English Church Protestant will be generally understood as an admission that those who belong to her have cut themselves off from the body of the Catholic Church. All this is very interesting and by no means unimportant. But for the present purpose the whole contention seems to us vitiated by a fundamental misapprehension. The Declaration is not an ecclesiastical pronouncement, still less a theological definition. It is a purely political statement directed to be uttered by the Sovereign in order to secure a purely political object. The history of the existing Declaration brings this aspect of the question out very clearly. The passage in the Bill of Rights which enacts that the King and Queen shall make the Declaration is not concerned with any theological question or even with any danger to Protestantism or the English Church. It is prefaced by the statement that "it hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this protestant Kingdom to be governed by a popish Prince". It then goes on to provide that no Roman Catholic or person married to a Roman Catholic is to occupy the throne, and concludes by requiring the Sovereign to make the Declaration "mentioned in the Statute made in the thirtieth year of King Charles the Second and entitled an Act for the more effectually preserving the King's person and government by disabling papists from sitting in either House of Parliament". The statute of Charles II. is the parliamentary Test Act passed in the very height of the agitation about the Popish Plot and was repealed in 1829. It is to the credit of the English Church that from the very first some of the Bishops protested against the wording of the Declaration, which can indeed only be explained by the feverish excitement of the public mind at the time

both of its first statutory enactment and its subsequent imposition on the Sovereign. The great consolation that all Churchmen must feel about this outrageous document is that it was the outcome of a purely political proceeding and was in no sense whatever the work of the English Church. No one has ever argued from the terms of the Declaration that the English Church regarded the doctrines condemned in it as "superstitious and idolatrous". It would be even more unreasonable to contend that if the present Bill were passed, it would be any admission by the Church that she was a mere Protestant sect separated from the Catholic Church of Christ.

Some of our High Church friends seem anxious to revert to a purely negative Declaration to the effect that the King is not a Roman Catholic. To us this is inexplicable. That Nonconformists should wish to avoid a statement that the King is a member of the Established Church is intelligible. They dislike a solemn assertion of the close connexion between Church and State for the same reason that we as Churchmen like it. True, we should prefer the exclusion of the controversial epithets "Protestant Reformed". But, even with them in, the positive form of the Declaration seems to us valuable. Similarly it is perhaps natural that Scotsmen should dislike a requirement that the Sovereign should be not only in communion with the Church of England as provided by the Act of Settlement, but a member of that Church. The attitude of both Nonconformists and Scotsmen is regrettable. It seems to us narrow and sectarian, but perhaps it is all one can expect in the circumstances. But that Churchmen should wish to restore a condemnation of one section, and one section only, of their fellow-Christians is really amazing. After all, what is the reality of the present condition of affairs in the religious world? Is it true that the great adversary against which earnest English Churchmen have to contend is the Church of Rome? Surely not. Even on the political side our adversaries have not in these latter days been adherents of the Pope. In the great battle still undecided in defence of definite religious instruction in the elementary schools the Roman Catholics and Anglicans have fought side by side. It is indeed doubtful if the assaults of political Nonconformity could have been repulsed without Roman Catholic assistance and, be it said to our shame, Roman Catholic example. And when we have to fight again against Disestablishment and Disendowment, whether in Wales or in England, we all know that the assailants will not be members of the "superstitious and idolatrous" Church. But these matters, important though they are, sink into insignificance beside the secular controversy between faith and unbelief, between the flesh and the Spirit, between Christianity and paganism. That surely is the great religious contest of the future, and if it be so this is no time to be framing Declarations against the religious opinions of this, that or the other section of our fellow-Christians.

For our part, we are willing to accept the Declaration proposed by the Government. If it is found parliamentarily impossible to pass it as it stands, we would far rather cut out from the Declaration all reference to the personal belief of the Sovereign, leaving him pledged only to uphold and maintain the statutes securing the Protestant succession, than require him to single out for repudiation one form only of Christianity. But even this last solution, objectionable as it is, would be better than the loss of the Bill altogether, a danger that is far from remote. We earnestly appeal to all Churchmen to consider very carefully the present position and not to risk losing everything because they cannot get exactly what they want. The present Declaration is in the strictest sense of the word a scandal. If owing to the act or neglect of any section of Churchmen the present opportunity for improving it is destroyed, the authors of its destruction will, in our judgment, be condemned; condemned by their own Church and the common sense of all reasonable men.

THE TERRITORIAL BUBBLE.

HERALDED into the world with a blast of bombastic eloquence to which we can hardly remember a parallel, the Territorial bubble, it seems, has at last been pricked. Perhaps the most cruel blow of all was Lord Esher's saying in the House of Lords last Monday that it would perhaps be well for the Government to realise that the total number of Territorials, in spite of the unexampled efforts made by all, Sovereign, Lords-Lieutenant and county associations, still amounted to about the same figure as the old Volunteers and was unlikely to rise any higher. We by no means take Lord Esher at the exaggerated estimate of his talents which gives him a place on the Defence Committee and Lord Kitchener none. But he has been largely responsible for the new era in the Army, and he is known to be in the confidence of the War Office and the Government. He has also been much concerned with the Territorial movement. So he speaks with authority. Lord Portsmouth also has had a very intimate experience of the Haldanean methods. So he also is worth listening to, although his exposure of the whole business is only what most of those who are competent to judge have long been saying. Even if we grant that the terms of service laid down for the Territorials are adequate to fit them to meet the invader, who it is now admitted might reach our shores in considerable numbers, it is a fact that nearly 100,000 Territorials failed through one cause or another to fulfil their very modest conditions of efficiency. Government speakers endeavoured to show that, though the cadres might not be full, the organisation was perfect. But out of the very mouths of Ministers we know that not even all the six Regular divisions are complete to take the field; and if they are not, how can it be contended that the Territorial divisions are or are likely to be? It is true that every effort is being made to give some sort of life and reality to the Territorial manœuvres about to take place, and even the extreme measure of drafting Regular officers into the Territorial units in order to stiffen them for the job in hand is being resorted to. No doubt Mr. Haldane declared in the House of Commons last Tuesday that the inclusion of these officers should not interfere with the course of training at the time being carried out in the Regular Army. But it is a fact nevertheless that officers in some cases are being taken away from very important work to bolster up the sham for which Mr. Haldane is prepared to sacrifice anything. In any case it is surely a monstrous confession of weakness that these manœuvres cannot be held without the assistance of Regular regimental officers. It is difficult then to see that we have gained in efficiency anything like what we have in cost; for bar the mythical six months' training on the outbreak of war we have no reason for supposing that the Territorial Army is one whit better than the old Volunteers.

The apologists for the Territorial scheme both in the House of Lords and in the able articles which have appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" all fall back on the stale argument that no conceivable situation could arise which did not permit of a six months' period of continuous training on the outbreak of war wherein to make the Territorial Army efficient. We have so often refuted this optimistic forecast, which negatives the teaching of history in all ages, that we are loth once more to allude to it. But every one of the Government speakers, one after another, repeated parrot-like this well-worn platitude. The writer in the "Westminster Gazette", however, had something fresh to say on the subject of compulsion, and his remarks are worth attention. He asks us how a sufficient number of competent officers could be provided to train the compulsory levies, seeing that there is already great difficulty in finding officers for the Regular Army. He dismisses airily the possibility that compulsion might solve this problem. But this is pure conjecture. We have always thought that one of the best features of compulsion would be the effect it would have on the supply of officers. At any rate, compulsion has solved the problem in France, Germany and other

countries, and we see no reason why it should not have a similar effect here. The probability is, if everyone had to serve, that a number of those whose proper sphere it was would come forward willingly to be officers and serve, at any rate, a few years. This would solve the great difficulty the Militia has always encountered, the supply of subalterns. It has hitherto been easy to find senior officers; why should it be otherwise, even if a system of compulsion were in vogue? But perhaps the most potent reason in favour of compulsion as against the Territorial system is that it would solve the difficulty of the continuous period of training. Though the Territorials undertake the liability of serving six months continuously on the outbreak of a big war, it is questionable whether any Government would or could call them out. We have already seen, by the notorious case of the Brighton tradesman, how inequitably the system works even in the case of a fortnight's annual training. A universal six months' training would multiply these difficulties and impose upon Territorials an altogether unreasonable burden. On the other hand, if all had to serve, matters would adjust themselves automatically as they have done in other countries, and no individual hardship, in the case of either employees or employers, would be felt. Moreover, let us get rid of the fallacy that it is something grand and independent to refuse to undertake the first and historic duty of citizenship. A manlier attitude is that it is contemptible for a great nation to cast on the few a duty which should be undertaken by all. But even if all the highest anticipations which have been formed of the Territorial Army—they have been inflated enough—could be realised, it would seem likely that the ship before long would come to grief on finance. The Duke of Norfolk, a man whose moderation all parties realise, delivered a very grave warning recently to the Sussex County Association and incidentally to the Army Council also. He told them that it was absolutely necessary that the Financial situation of the Territorial Army should be faced by the Army Council and the Treasury. In his county the accounts showed a deficit of some £6000, and the sinking fund, which should have been in existence, lived only on paper. It is true that Mr. Haldane when questioned on this point, whilst admitting that some counties showed deficits, declared that others showed credits. Possibly. But we do know that most county associations are literally faced by bankruptcy which only heroic measures can stave off. Such measures would dip still deeper into the moneys which should be devoted to the Regular Army, which has already suffered to the tune of some 20,000 men that Mr. Haldane's sham army might be boomed. The prospect for the Territorials on the score of finance—and after all everything depends on that—is not encouraging. It is easy to see how this state of things has arisen. In the old Yeomanry and Volunteer days private individuals, officers and others were wont to supplement very freely the somewhat meagre grants which were made by the War Office. When, however, the Government undertook the whole liability of providing for these forces and centralised all matters of finance in their own hands, allowing little latitude to the county associations, all these sources of private income naturally and rightly dried up. They had, however, imagined that these would continue to flow in. Hence the miscalculation and the present parlous position.

"LIFE AND LABOUR IN GERMANY."

"TAKE care or you will find what you are looking for!" Did the commissioners appointed by the Labour party go to Germany with the idea, conscious or subconscious, of confirming existing notions? If they did their report is worthless. The reader who takes up this little pamphlet with some such test in his mind receives an unfortunate impression at the start. On the cover are the words "Life and Labour in Germany"; the very first page admits that the commissioners' tour was confined to a few important towns. Even in so highly industrialised a country as England it would be

unfair to generalise from the conditions of town life. In Germany, where so many millions gain their livelihood from the soil, the error is far more serious. The report itself refers to the "numbers of men working in the towns and retaining their hold on the land in the adjacent countryside", and notes the value of this arrangement in diminishing unemployment; but it fails to do justice to the anxiety of the Government to maintain and extend this suburban condition. Its point of view is purely urban throughout, and its conclusions are seriously vitiated thereby. Nevertheless the report is in the main an honest document. Apart from a few passages where old prejudices were too strong for them, the commissioners show no tendency to find what they are looking for. The serious errors are due not to any lack of sincerity of observation but to the authors' belief that they knew far more than was actually the case and to a refusal to think things out thoroughly, with the result that the reader finds himself left in the dark on vital points.

The main value of the report lies in the clear picture given of German town life as it appears to the normal Englishman. The predominant characteristic is the high degree of organisation, which in Germany is of a paternal character. If our own people are ever to be organised they must organise themselves: the movement will come from below. In Germany everything is done by an external authority, the bureaucracy. The result of its work is a uniformity which appears to have much impressed the deputation. The report notes the comparative absence of that gulf between skilled and unskilled labour which is so marked a feature of English industrial life. Stress is laid on the careful attention paid to the sick, and while it is insisted that the best men are better off in England, it is admitted that Germany offers no parallel to our worst. The verdict on the whole system is that it is adding to the productive efficiency of the nation. There the inquiry stops. Any consideration of the effect of bureaucratic rule on individual character is carefully avoided, though the survey of internal organisation is held to justify the sweeping statement that "it is brains, and not tariffs, that account for Germany's progress in the world".

Here it is that we light upon the defects of the English mind with its highly matter-of-fact tone. The Labour delegates went to Germany to find perfectly straightforward answers to certain specific questions. They wanted to know the reason of Germany's undoubted industrial advance. At once they found an adequate explanation. There was a remarkably efficient administrative system watching over the lives of the people, turning their energies into profitable channels, educating them, doctoring them, finding them work, restoring them when they fell out of the ranks of the industrial army. That question being thus answered, the delegates turned to another. How do the German people live? Here again there was no difficulty. The Commissioners went into shops and houses and were soon convinced that life was very expensive. Had the tariff anything to do with the recent rise? Opinion, backed by statistics, was fairly unanimous on the point. Very well, that was all that they wanted to know. Germany was prosperous, as the Tariff Reformers said, but she was prosperous because of her organisation. Life in Germany was dear, as the Free Traders said, and a tariff framed in the agrarian interest had a good deal to do with it. There was no difficulty in setting out these points, with many illuminating details, in a report of seventy quite small pages, and the delegates are no doubt convinced that they have dealt fully with the points on which the average British elector is anxious to be informed and that they have found out all that there is to find out about Germany in this connexion.

That is the practical British way, and the only objection to it is that it involves a collection of unsolved contradictions. Who set the German people on the path of prosperity? The talented bureaucracy. Who made the tariff which is such a burden? The same bureaucracy. But to the question why the brains which have accomplished so much good in one direction should be responsible for so much harm in another no answer is

given, and the need for an answer does not appear to have been felt. Again, we read that the Social Democratic party is bitterly opposed to the German tariff, and that this party has behind it one-third of the electorate. We are also told that the tariff benefits only the great industrial and agrarian interests. Would it be supposed that this very tariff was passed by a Reichstag one-fifth of whose members were Socialists? And is it not worth discussing why the German Government should thus run dead against the wishes of a third of the electors? Wonder grows when we read that there is no doubt of the "general hostility" to tariffs, that the working classes are "vehement in their opposition", and that quite a number of employers regard them with dislike. In view of this general feeling, how is it that these same employers hold that the abolition of tariffs is "outside the sphere of practical politics"?

Could the nascent German industries started with the capital paid by France have survived the attacks of the great English firms but for the protection of the tariff? Many an orthodox economist would regard Bismarck's policy as perfectly sound in the conditions of the later 'seventies, which, however, were very different from those confronting the German bureaucracy to-day. The modern official holds that tariff and organisation go together, and the failure of the labour delegates even to refer to this point of view most vitiates their report. The German Government aims at increasing the productive efficiency of the country as a means to the increase of national strength. Its point of view is not economic but political in the wide Aristotelian sense of the word. It is anxious to prevent that divorce between country and town which is so much deplored in modern England, and its ideal citizen is the skilled workman who cultivates a bit of land. Having this type of man in mind, the Government has deliberately set itself to limit competition in industrial life. Strenuous competition, it holds, can only be met by strong specialisation, and specialisation is fatal to that all-round life which it is eager to maintain. That is one side of the official case for the tariff.

The other side is that high organisation is only possible if the general conditions are fairly stable. Fluctuations, of course, there must be, but at any rate some effort can be made to deal with them if they occur within the sphere of the Government's authority. That is why the German Government uses its best energies to make the home producer look first to the home market; and it is this same desire for complete control over markets which has led Germany to acquire tropical colonies where the average German cannot settle and which is at the back of the whole expansionist movement. Both these points, which between them supply the key to most recent developments of German policy, are ignored in the report.

Why is a tariff which, we are told, the working classes regard as thoroughly opposed to their interests maintained? Discreetly no answer is given. The delegates associated much with members of the Social Democratic party, and it is on this party that the blame must fall for all the worst features of the tariff of 1905. We are familiar with the argument, based on German experience, that tariffs only benefit great interests, and it is true that the German Social Democracy, for all its 3,000,000 voters, might never have existed at all so far as its influence on fiscal legislation is concerned. But what can the Government do? Until the revisionists prevail, or at least split off, the German Socialists will continue to vote against the third reading of every Bill on principle, because they are a revolutionary party. The German tariff would be of a different character if German Socialists thought on English lines and chose to consider any measure on its merits. On the other hand, manifestations of the English spirit would make the German bureaucracy far less efficient. Organisation depends on the organised as well as on the organisers. The German people are content to be governed, though, being human, they love to have their little grumble at the things they do not understand.

"TURNER'S GALLERY."

THE splendid gift of Sir Joseph Duveen, with the generous completion of it by his son, has provided for Turner a gallery such as no other artist ancient or modern possesses, or indeed could fill, except by contributions from many collections, public and private. Only one or two artists, it may be added, could furnish such a rich variety, such a "God's plenty", as these nine rooms contain. Of Turner there is enough and to spare; the result of such an exhibition is not monotony, but a sense of kingdom and of power and of glory, world without end.

The "Turner's Gallery" of the codicils (it does not appear in the will at all) was a much smaller affair than this, and the bequest less vast. Turner's first idea, as the new edition of the Tate Gallery catalogue reminds us, was to show his pictures in the Home for decayed artists provided for in his will, or else in his own gallery in Queen Anne Street. This was a room fifty-five feet by nineteen, and held about twenty-five pictures. He provided that these should be changed from time to time. The idea of housing them in the National Gallery, built after the date of his first bequest, occurred to him later, and it is probable that he would have considered the conditions of his gift fairly carried out by the provision of the Turner Gallery at Trafalgar Square. The bequest he contemplated was only of finished pictures, and from first to last he said nothing of unfinished works and drawings. It was thanks to the confused terms of the codicils, the prolonged litigation that ensued, and the decision of the Courts that all this treasure came into the hands of the nation; and it is only because the Government, three years ago, reserved the remainder of the Millbank site for extensions of the Gallery that it has been possible to find wall-space sufficient for so much of the collection. Four years ago the existence of a vacant room at Millbank allowed the Trustees to exhibit a fresh section of the unfinished canvases; they could fill two large galleries more with those still unframed. The drawings are at last completely arranged and catalogued by the labours of Mr. Finberg; the larger one hitherto unexhibited are now to be seen, but it will call for considerable time, money and ingenuity to render available the great mass of the drawings.

"Turner's Gallery", therefore, as we see it now, is a bigger thing than he himself dreamed of, and has only been made possible by the transfer of the bulk of the collection to Millbank. The Trafalgar Square collections will at the same time gain some of the space for which they are crying out, and pictures hitherto "skied" will be revealed, as many of the Turners now are, by being hung upon the line. It has been urged by certain of Turner's admirers that something will be lost by the transfer of the pictures from the more central gallery, and that foreigners may get an imperfect view of Turner by seeing only the twenty pictures remaining there. It may be admitted that Millbank is at present less approachable than is desirable, and can never be quite so handy as Trafalgar Square; but the approaches and communications will improve with time; the foreigners, as it is, find their way, and will come now in greater numbers; it is really the spoiled Londoners who grudge a pilgrimage of ten minutes' walk or the shorter 'bus ride from the Abbey. If Turner's original scheme had been carried out, they would have had to travel to Isleworth.

Many pictures are seen for the first time fully at Millbank, but the chief absolute novelty among the contents of the new gallery is the seventeen canvases hung in Room XI. downstairs. These are unfinished compositions recently stretched and framed. They belong, with one exception, to about 1807-8, and they enrich a peculiarly delightful English period of Turner's work, that of the "Windsor", "Sun Rising in a Mist", and so forth; pictures simple in their material, neither crowded by the claims of a topographical view nor sophisticated by rivalry with "classic" compositions. A stream with willows, a weir with a chain of cattle, a cliff and beach cunningly composed with boats and masts and building-posts—these and other subjects are

set out with a completeness of intention in the beginnings of the picture that will hold students of the art in delighted wonder. Another series, small mahogany panels of about the same date, is in an adjoining room, and takes a special place in Turner's work. In these oil studies he has painted, contrary to his habit, direct from nature, and under such conditions has produced an anticipation of Constable's sketches. And this is but the excursion of a many-sided artist, taken once and not repeated. Another excursion, into the field of Teniers and Ostade, cultivated by Wilkie, and hitherto represented by the "Blacksmith's Shop", "Garreteer's Petition", and "Harvest Home", is newly illustrated by the "Cobbler's Home" hung in Room VI.

The catalogue brings conveniently together the whole of the Turner bequest pictures, whether at Trafalgar Square, Millbank or in the provinces, and all the drawings exhibited up till now in London. The notices of the pictures have been corrected and expanded, and references supplied to the new material made available by Mr. Finberg's inventory of the studies. An instance of corrections is the restoration of Turner's title "Appulia in search of Appulus" for the "Apuleia" and "Apuleius" on which Wornum wasted some classic lore. There is plenty of work for the future in the identification of subjects, many of which at present are conjectural; indeed, it would be difficult for any single geographer to cope with Turner's wanderings in Europe from Scotland to Sorrento.

It is thirteen years since the first part of Sir Henry Tate's building was opened. His scheme of a great gallery of British art has in the interval been steadily taking shape. The incubus of the Chantrey collection still does much to obscure the true proportions of the school, but Constable, Ward and Wilkie, Stevens and Watts, the Pre-Raphaelites and some later masters are on a lesser or greater scale represented. The addition to these in 1906 of the Turner Room did much to correct the balance, and with the Turner Gallery of to-day an enormous step in advance is taken. As time goes on, the pressure of foreign schools at Trafalgar Square will alone make it desirable to reduce the representation there of other British masters. It is right that in due proportion they should hang there beside the masters of other European schools, but it is only reasonable that they should take their place also with Turner in the National Gallery of British Art.

LAYMEN AND CANCER RESEARCH.

FOR very special reasons it is desirable that the work of the Cancer Research Fund and its claims to public support should from time to time be emphasised by men of distinction not professionally connected with medical science. It is therefore of considerable public importance that Mr. Balfour should have presided at the annual meeting of the Fund at the Royal College of Surgeons on Wednesday, and explained to the public the impressions made by its report on the mind of a highly cultured layman. Nine years ago, when the Fund was started, intense interest, partly fearful, partly hopeful, existed on the subjects of tuberculosis and cancer. At that time as to tuberculosis the hope of the discovery of a "cure" for it was more prevalent even than the dread of its ravages. Nor in the interval, though the specific still remains undiscovered, has the hopefulness subsided, though it has taken a somewhat different form. It is now recognised by the medical profession, and the knowledge is spreading amongst intelligent laymen, that tuberculosis is a form of disease which is as controllable by known hygienic measures as are the febrile diseases which until recently were popularly known as infectious, "consumption" being excluded, and always spoken of as "in the family" and hereditary rather than as infectious.

In respect of cancer there was not exactly the same hopefulness, but to a very great extent the probability of ascertaining the causes and discovering preventive treatment for the various forms of cancer seemed very

much strengthened by what was being done for tuberculosis. Perhaps then indeed more than now doctors were inclined to reckon cancers amongst infectious diseases as they had learned, or were learning, to do with tuberculosis. Had that anticipation been confirmed by the course of investigation since the Cancer Research Fund began its operations we should all be now in a more sanguine state of mind as to the practical result of the Fund's work, and the probability of mastering cancer as we know we may master tuberculosis. There is a certain naïveté in saying that unfortunately the course of investigation has not confirmed the anticipation; but evidently we should have been in so much better a position if it had. We should then see our way to a practical application of the profound and subtle, but not to the layman obviously serviceable, discoveries previously published by the Fund in three scientific reports, and in the eighth annual report of the year's work for 1909-10 which was presented at the annual meeting at which Mr. Balfour presided on Wednesday.

One of the paragraphs in this latest report records that "thirty-four of our tumour strains have been examined in the bacteriological laboratory, London Hospital, for the presence of spirochaetes, with negative results". These spirochaetes are amongst those micro-organisms which we have learned to associate with infectious diseases. The report remarks further that these spirochaetes have been the most recent alleged causative agents of cancer. But the negative result, together with the fact that spirochaetes have been found in mice in the absence of tumours, shows that their presence in a tumour is of no etiological significance. How different the case would stand if instead of this negative result we were told that the spirochaetes were a causative agent of cancer! We might not, it is true, necessarily find a specific anti-toxin as has been done for diphtheria; but there might be partial success as has happened with tuberculosis. The same remark applies to those experiments which, while they tend to show that cancer is not mainly due to the influence of ancestral constitution, at the same time also show that it cannot be explained by infection. If it could be so explained, then the necessary hygienic measures of prevention would be at once suggested as they are for tuberculosis. All the conditions of the practical problem of prevention or cure would be changed, and amongst other results that would follow would be a revival of interest in the Cancer Research Fund.

As it is, after ten years of devoted labour by the most highly gifted investigators, it is not possible to make any broad generalisation as to the causes of cancer which would be intelligible to the layman, for the simple reason that science itself has no such generalisation ready. Much less is a remedy suggested, even an empiric one. There remain the results of special investigations such as are related in this report. Their value and importance are hidden from all but the widely glancing eye of the expert. They cannot even be explained to the layman, for the reason that to depart from the highly technical phraseology is to expose oneself to inaccuracies of expression and to falsify the experiments themselves. It seems that the most that can be done for the layman is to ask him to remember the history of those researches of science and mechanics whose concrete results have of late years become so familiar to him. He now sees theory and experiment become practical. He would not have been able to understand the significance of any stage of the process. Not even the experts saw the relation of every particular discovery to the grand object towards which their science was marching. The real ground of satisfaction for the layman, when he learns that the only discovery of cancer investigation for which he cares is not yet in sight, should be the confidence of the expert investigators themselves that their tentative efforts and their relative results will have definite value. This is rather a difficult mental attitude for the general public to maintain long. Yet it is very necessary that it should be maintained, as the Fund must continue to depend largely on its annual contributions. We fear there is a tendency for the circle of

contributors to become narrower and to be made up mainly of the comparatively few who are more wealthy than the average. When the ordinary layman is beginning to doubt the value of the Fund's researches, or to forget that its work is still going on, it is important that his drooping confidence in the expert should be restored by his seeing the continued confidence and hopefulness of laymen on whose judgment as to the value of the investigations he can rely. And he could hardly be better satisfied than by knowing that George V., who has been so many years the President of the Fund, follows Edward VII. as its Patron; and that Mr. Balfour is confident of the grounds upon which the layman may still believe in the ultimate success of the investigations into cancer.

These grounds are partly the history of other scientific investigations which have been conceived like the cancer investigations in the true scientific spirit; and upon this point Mr. Balfour speaks with an acknowledged authority as a philosophical student of scientific methods. Partly also certain inferences may be drawn and stated even from this present year's report, though it is so deliberately non-committal. There are the experiments which show that under certain conditions animals may be rendered immune against transplanted tumours. The control of transplanted cancer has been brought within the region of possibility; but this does not apply to spontaneous cancerous growths; and an emphatic warning is given against attempting to apply the methods of immunisation to the human subject. But is it not permissible to infer that, with the control over transplanted tumours established, the possibility of control over spontaneous growths becomes imaginable? We believe that so far even the men of science would go, and acknowledge that the possibility is one which the public may entertain without encouraging false hopes. Yet this is a long way from anything that is now practicable for human needs. We get nearer to this in perhaps the most definite statement in the report: that cancer has been shown in many cases to arise from various forms of irritation; and amongst them are the irritants to which workers in various industries are exposed. The report remarks that recent legislation is justified from this point of view, and that it is still urgent to obtain more accurate information of the incidence of cancer in different occupations. With its usual extreme caution the report warns us against supposing that cancer has been proved to be always the result of irritation. This is a good instance of the tone prevailing throughout on all the topics connected with cancer of which it treats. Add the highly technical phraseology, and the document becomes one which has as little information as comfort for the ordinary layman. He should exercise his judgment mediately, as we have pointed out, by reference to the competent opinions of others; and we trust that he will still keep up heart and hope and his subscriptions to the Research Fund.

THE CITY.

FOR no explicable cause, unless it be the weather, the Stock Exchange has "got the hump". Money is plentiful and likely to continue so. The political horizon is unclouded, and even the Socialist is at rest (for the moment). Yet markets are decidedly bad, and brokers and clients are stealing away every day to happier scenes. A great many more people have gone abroad this summer than usual, no doubt, in the desperate search after sunshine. But the fact that so many leaders of finance and big underwriters have folded their tents and departed makes it more difficult than ever to put through any kind of deal. In short, there will be little or no business until October. Thus it is that Englishmen cut off a third of the year for their amusements, and then are surprised that they are beaten in the commercial race by Americans and Germans.

From Solomon to Mr. Julian Hawthorne, son of the great Nathaniel, is a far cry. The son, like the father, has all his life been a man of letters, but in "the sere, the yellow leaf" (he is over sixty), he has conceived the

ambition of becoming what the Germans call a finance-man. Ground-bait, or the puff preliminary, takes the novel shape of little pamphlets, dropped by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the letter-box of the public, which begin with the Secret of Solomon, and end, of course, with the secret of Julian Hawthorne and Company. Solomon, we are told, was a gambler on a large scale; so were Columbus, Buonaparte, Cecil Rhodes, and other great men. We are therefore exhorted to become gamblers by taking shares in the iron and silver mines of Mr. Julian Hawthorne. Now what is the nigger in this hawthorn fence? Why, simply this; that no engineer or expert has ever been able to see into the bowels of the earth; and that consequently Mr. Julian Hawthorne's iron and silver mines may be worth 3,000,000 pounds (the price at which they were sold by the modest owner), or they may be worth 3,000,000 pence. The whole thing strikes us as a very ordinary mining ramp, and we are not the least predisposed in its favour by the advertising tricks which an American novelist has learned in Boston.

The market for home rails was not likely to be helped by the great strike on the North-Eastern. It was a thousand pities, and has spoiled a fine batch of traffics. Hull and Barnsley have risen about ten points, and a wise investor will take his profit. American rails go up and down from day to day; and there is not much risk in buying Union Pacifics and Atchisons, after a fall, as they are sure to recover. It is true that the wheat crop in the United States will be bad, owing to drought, which has also affected the southern belt of the Canadian wheatfields. But, en revanche, it is asserted that the maize crop will be exceptionally good. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary at 93 are a good purchase, as the company is doing better than is realised by the market. These shares will probably go to par before the end of the year. The market for mining shares—whether Kaffirs, Rhodesians, or West Africans—can hardly be said to exist.

The prospects of another rubber boom in August certainly begin to look doubtful. Next week, on Friday the 29th, there will be issued the biggest and by far the best rubber proposition that has yet been introduced to the public. The Great Central Combine is an amalgamation of some of the best rubber estates in Ceylon, all in bearing, and the board will consist of the best known planters and visiting agents in that island, namely, Mr. Forsythe, Mr. Joseph Fraser, Mr. "Jock" Campbell, Mr. Savill, and Mr. Shakspeare, a partner of the well-known firm Messrs. Carson. The capital will be £1,500,000, of which about £300,000 will be offered to the public. The shares will certainly be started at £2, for they are already quoted over that price in Colombo. Knowing people say that the shares will go to £3 before the end of August and to £4 before the end of the year. The reason of this is that of the combined estates each has been put in at about half its proper value. The owners probably consented to this undervaluation because they are clever enough to know that it is better to have 1000 shares which you can easily sell at £2 or over than to have 2000 shares which can only be sold with difficulty at £1. Whatever the reason, all Mincing Lane knows that Great Central Combines are worth a great deal more than par, and the issue has been looked forward to as one of the events of the rubber year. It is rather a pity that Grand Centrals should make their bow to the public in what used to be called the dog-days, but in what it would be more appropriate this year to call the duck-days. However, it is sometimes an advantage to have the market all to oneself. We recommend our readers to pick up as many Great Centrals as they can.

There is quite an outburst of promoting activity. The Union Life Assurance Company of Canada has made an issue of 10,000 \$100 shares. The British Columbia Mines Land and General Finance Company, Limited, with Major-General Sir Norman Stewart as chairman, invites subscriptions for £100,000; and the Consolidated Finance Corporation, with Sir R. Hay Drummond Hay as chairman, for £200,000. Both claim to have important business under consideration.

Metalite, Limited, offers 380,000 £1 shares out of a capital of £500,000, in order to acquire the business, which is said to have expanded beyond present factory accommodation, of the Bryant Trading Syndicate, Limited—manufacturers of the British Metalite lamp—and International Filaments, Limited. Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, we note, is on the boards of all three companies. The Manihot Rubber Plantations, Limited, with a capital of £50,000, is issuing 350,000 2s. shares, of which 50,000 have been subscribed privately. One hundred thousand Ceara trees are tappable, and on the estimates a profit of 10 per cent. for the first year is shown.

INSURANCE.

NORWICH UNION LIFE—CLERGY MUTUAL.

THE report of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society shows that the new policies issued during the year assured more than £5,000,000. The life premium income exceeded £1,000,000, and the total assets amount to very nearly £10,000,000. These are big figures, striking enough in themselves, but even more remarkable when we remember that while the Norwich Union has been growing greatly in magnitude, the basis upon which its liabilities are valued has been increasing in stringency. Twenty years ago the funds of the Norwich were less than £2,000,000; at each successive quinquennial valuation the financial position was strengthened and the rate of bonus increased. Although the society is over a hundred years old, it was comparatively insignificant for the first eighty years of its existence: the change is fundamentally due to the work of one man.

Mr. J. J. W. Deuchar took the Norwich Union in hand about twenty years ago, and it is no disparagement of the managers of other societies to say that he excelled them all in the vigour and capacity with which he worked. His staff loyally responded to his lead. Unhappily these labours have told upon his health, and to the regret of everybody he has had to resign the management and accept a seat upon the board of directors. It is a pleasure to bear testimony from personal experience to his whole-hearted enthusiasm for the society, the bold shrewdness of his judgment, and the kindness of his ways. He is fittingly succeeded by his first lieutenant, Mr. Davidson Walker, than whom no one is better qualified to continue successfully the work initiated and carried so far by the energy of Mr. Deuchar.

The annual accounts of a society like the Norwich Union call for little comment. The quinquennial investigation takes place next year, and it is then that the best opportunity is afforded for judging of the progress that has been made. It is not to be expected that any part of the surplus will be used for strengthening the financial position, since the society already holds reserves sufficient to meet its liabilities if interest is earned at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The actual yield is £4 2s. 1d. per cent. after deduction of income tax, showing a large contribution to surplus; while the expenditure is about 5 per cent. of the premium income below the provision made for it. These two sources of profit, apart from others, should yield handsome bonuses to the participating policyholders at the next distribution.

The Clergy Mutual is a society which those who care for life assurance at its best cannot fail to regard with unqualified satisfaction. It values its liabilities on the basis of interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and earns interest at just over 4 per cent., subject to income tax. It pays no commission, and consequently its rate of expenditure is extremely low, being in fact about $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of the premium income. Since the provision for expenses is $15\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., there is the exceptionally large contribution of some 9 per cent. of the premium income towards bonuses. The society limits its membership to the clergy and their relations, with the result that it experiences a very favourable rate of mortality. It has everything in its favour, and there is nothing but good to be said about it.

Its policies are well adapted to the classes to whom it appeals. The rates of premium are low, but at the same time the bonuses are large. It is explained in the report that during the four years of the present quinquennium there has been a decrease in the market value of investments to the extent of £81,600; this is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the total amount of the funds: doubtless a considerable proportion of this amount is an apparent loss rather than a real one, since as the funds of the society are steadily increasing there is no occasion to realise securities at inopportune times. The effect for the moment is a tendency to increase the rate of interest earned upon the funds through, in many instances, the same dividends being calculated on a lower capital value. Even before the valuation is made next May it is quite possible that the amount of this depreciation will be lessened by an improvement in the value of Stock Exchange securities. In this event, perhaps in any event, there is a reasonable expectation that the high rate of bonus maintained at the last two distributions will be repeated next year.

The value of Stock Exchange securities is largely dependent upon conditions outside the control of any assurance society, but in regard to matters which can be more effectively controlled, such as the rate of expenditure and of mortality, the Clergy Mutual does excellently. The Clergy Mutual has given fine results through a long past, and shows every prospect of continuing to do so to a distant future.

MR. AUSTIN'S ACADEMY.

THE plate is not up yet at Burlington House. But there is good hope that before long we shall be able to read "Academy for"—well, not exactly for dancing nor an "Academy for Young Ladies", but something quite of the genre. The "finishing-school" of Peckham will certainly take this Academy to its heart. But how will the legend on the brass go on? No decent-sized plate could show all the objects of this educational establishment—it would want a whole Cleopatra's Needle to do that—but we imagine it will run "The Poet Laureate's Academy for Taking all Possible Measures to Maintain the Purity of the English Language, and to Hold Up a Standard of Good Taste in Style". How exactly the idiom of the Young Ladies' Academy is caught in the second clause! One hopes this inscription will be surmounted by a picture of Mr. Austin holding the standard aloft. As the standard-bearer of style he should make a very imposing figure; and we do not see that he could do better than inscribe on the banner his latest poem—that on the death of King Edward. This would show that he practised what he preached. Purity at any cost; if not pure poetry, then pure doggerel. And he must be wearing a double crown—the laurel crown of his office and the gilt crown conferred by his Academy on the "Works of Alfred Austin". Then we strongly advise that underneath the main inscription on the plate there should appear, not quite so large, but in legible character: "To designate from time to time persons to become recipients of the medals of the Academy" (what do you say to that for "good taste in style"?): "to make awards of merit to particular literary work". Here is business, the solid foundation on which to rear the noble ambition of the main legend. Business it certainly is: the medals and the awards of merit will attract their thousands, in fact the whole multitude of the people, barring the contemptible few who know something of English and literature. What do they matter? When has Mr. Austin tuned his lines to the ears of them?

But Mr. Austin, though the first, is not the only partner in the venture. The first list of directors published by the promoters begins with Austin and ends with Yeats—a nice appreciation of the character of the Academy; poetaster first, poet last. The alphabet, as Miss Jane Harrison has lately pointed out, is marvellous symbolic. But we fear his hanging to the stern of this galley must give for Mr. Yeats a second title—"minor". Would a poet, simply, join any academy? Would a poet think that poetry could be rewarded by

crowns and medals? that style and purity could be settled by decree of a committee? But Pindar, and the Athenian dramatists, Herodotus, Sappho? Oh yes, but Greeks were Greeks, and not Englishmen, or Irish either. Their crowning of odes and plays was spontaneous, natural, honest; it was not a factitious imitation, painfully organised by a self-important coterie of *littérateurs*. The appeal to the Pindaric precedent is insincere; we do not believe Mr. Yeats could make it. He has turned his back on his backers for some occult reason, which only a poet—we suppose—can understand. Will he ask himself this: What chance would his poetry or his Irish National Theatre have had with an English Academy? Does he think *he* could ever have been crowned? Would "The Playboy of the Western World" have been crowned? They would have gone begging their bread—"Mrs. Tanqueray" or "Trelawny of the Wells", not to speak of "The Eternal City", would have left none to spare for Synge. Possibly when the Irish Theatre is quite clear of the wood financially and those who care for drama have made theatre-goers, who do not, ashamed, Mr. Austin's Academy would deem it policy to take in somebody from the Irish National Theatre. The Royal Academy is surely precedent enough. What painter or sculptor of original power has the Academy ever helped? No doubt it is afraid of spoiling young genius by making life too easy for it, so neglects or kicks it until the ugly duckling grown to swan frightens our Academicians.

As if to drive the moral home the projected Academy proclaims itself based on the Royal Academy model. It is to represent pure literature in the same way that the Royal Academy represents the fine arts. How nice for pure literature; pure literature should be represented almost as well as the country is represented by the House of Commons. However, this frankness is to the promoters' credit. One cannot doubt that they are right in their anticipation of the English Academy following faithfully in the steps of the Royal Academy. And on those lines it may be a great success. There are considerable commercial elements in the idea, which naturally appeal to a trade union like the Society of Authors. The idea is said to be the child of the Royal Society of Literature and the Society of Authors, though mainly (rather an odd phenomenon) of the Royal Society of Literature. It is very sad, but we had never heard of this Society—no doubt it proves we know nothing of literature; but knowing a little of the Society of Authors, we can quite see the wisdom of giving the custody (an easier way, physiologically, of putting the child's relation to its parents) of the infant Academy to the Royal Society of Literature, of which it is at present a committee. The Society of Authors is supposed to look after authors' trade interests, to fight publishers, and generally keep up the price of authors' wares. Very good thing to do, if they do it. But the only tangible fruit we know of the Authors' Society's labours is the Authors' Club—a convenience—exactly—to those who would wash their hands cheaply. But to have begotten this does not seem to suggest any capacity for begetting anything that shall preserve the purity of English intact in æternum. But this, of course, is just the sign-board device. The Royal Academy, one of the godfathers—the other, the Royal Society, can, we imagine, take but the most academic of interest in the infant—has no doubt explained to the parents that they must talk big about English literature, but really they need not trouble about it. They must crown the writer the people like; they must get smart women to support them; they must try hard to get some politicians; and, of course, if they can be allowed to call themselves Royal, the thing is done. It won't matter how much the brilliant men, the men of ideas, and the men who can write roar then. Let them roar; the crown won't hear them; and Society won't care.

How about the great names amongst the original twenty-seven? Great names, indeed; many of them great in more than name; some of them spent volcanoes, whose fiery outburst a little after-smoke cannot obscure. Successful men are generally good-natured. They

are told this will help the profession of letters (profession! who calls it a profession?), and they amiably join. It is certainly great distinction for Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Robert Brydges, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Gilbert Murray, to be able to subscribe himself "Member of the English Academy". And if any of these should be lucky enough to get one of the Academy's medals, how proudly he will wear it at the Academic functions, the conversaciones, the annual dinners, the prize-givings, the coronations!

There we have it all—another Society, salaries, decorations, functions. All good for the trade, very good. Of course, all the wives of all the writers' will be agog for this thing to be. Another opportunity to dress intellectually, to move amongst the famous, to be asked which is Mr. Chesterton and, better still, to tell a novice "*that* is Mr. Stephen Phillips"—we forgot, Mr. Phillips is no longer a draw. The ladies must look to their pseudo-classical gowns, their Hellenic hair-dressing, to the Roman-folded robes. These and they are the essential thing in academies. "Discourses of reception" and "obituary addresses"; heavens, what a prospect! And the decorating with medals—Mr. Edmund Gosse investing Mr. Kipling. But, crowning function of all, the crowning of particular works. Who can think without giddiness of being the first to have a work crowned by Mr. Austin's Academy? Would not the thought have thrilled Swinburne or Meredith? What would this Academy have thought of either in his day of promise? It would not have perceived him. But the press, the throng, for these crowns—gold, silver, and pewter—will be great indeed. Up, Miss Corelli! up, Mr. Caine! You must be up and doing, or someone who writes English will get in before you. However, you need not fear him; he is not the dangerous man.

Already the infant Academy has crowned itself with immortals: it has appointed a "perpetual secretary".

"LA HABANERA."

By G. S. ROBERTSON.

THE neighbourhood of Biarritz is scarcely the place where one would look for a representative of John Webster, but Raoul Laparra, the young author and composer of "La Habanera", appears to me to have contrived to reproduce more of the atmosphere of "The Beautiful White Devil" than any other writer, perhaps, since the seventeenth century. One can only feel surprised that so much virility has been admitted to the somewhat anæmic precincts of the Royal Opera. The scene is laid in Castile. The very fine prologue among the gypsies does not appear in the score and the story begins at once. Pedro is about to be married to Pilar. Ramon, mad with passion for his brother's betrothed, knifes Pedro from behind as the upper part of his body conveniently projects from a narrow staircase leading to the lower floor of the tavern in which they are. The Habanera is played outside during the commission of the crime and becomes the *idée fixe* of the piece. The deceased threatens that his ghost will return in three hundred and sixty-four days' time, and in true Elizabethan style the murder is preceded and accompanied by obscenities from four toppers, which are exactly parallel to the comments of the gentlemen of the bedchamber in "The Maid's Tragedy" and produce an equally tragical effect. Ramon's father, ignorant that brother has murdered brother, smears Ramon's face with Pedro's blood and makes him swear to avenge him.

In the second act three blind men, all cheerful souls, scratch at the door of a patio for admission. They are admitted, but a fourth enters with them, "Avec, dans les yeux, l'éternité", thrumming a guitar. "Les gens, combien sont-ils?" asks Ramon of a little boy. "Ils sont trois." "Comptez bien." "Un, deux, trois." "L'autre, avec lui ça fait?" "Un, deux, trois." "Et le mort?" "J'ai peur." The blind men play the Habanera, and the Ghost terrifies Ramon still more by the demand that he shall tell Pilar,

to whom he is to be wedded, the whole truth—"Tout dire avant que la nuit tombe demain, si non je prendrai Pilar dans ma tombe."

In the last act, headed by the Basque epitaph "Bainan biziz hilzeco hil da bizitzeco", Ramon and Pilar visit the cemetery to salute Pedro's tomb, on which a flame is burning according to custom. He endeavours to tell her the truth but fails, the Habanera transfigured into a ghostly requiem is heard from beneath the ground, the sunset is blood-red and then purple, the flames on the tombs flicker and grow in the rising wind, Pilar faints and dies on Pedro's tomb, and the flame enshrouds her. Then wind, flames and voices die away; Pilar lies there a senseless mass "un peu plus sombre que la nuit". Madness seizes Ramon. He grasps an imaginary guitar with the gesture of the ghost in the patio, wraps his cloak around him and is lost in the night. "Prends ta guitare, aveugle pâle; je vais à la ronde infernale, te danser seul Habanera."

I describe the drama as it should be. At Covent Garden most of the author's written directions are disregarded, and the arrangement of the last act in particular is lamentable. Every scrap of mystery is betrayed by the staging. Pilar dies in full light, and Pedro's and the other tombs are illuminated not with flames but with a rather vulgar species of street lamp. Where is the darkness when Ramon makes his exit? Where is the "bruit d'une grille qui se ferme"?

Of the importance and interest of the composer's directions there can be no doubt. The story, he says, ought to be told to the public "l'action à son oreille, tout contre son âme". Singing and declamation ought to be blended "comme la couleur, dans l'aspect des choses, se fond avec la valeur". This scarcely reads like a description of a Covent Garden performance. In his style the author sometimes strains the French language almost to breaking-point, but that fact renders it not less interesting. It is no part of his scheme to indulge in fine writing, and he does not do so, but when he chooses he can be as splendid as one wishes:

"Et c'est à moi que l'on dit: 'Chante'!—
Comme si dans un arbre mort
Les rossignols chantaient encor!—
A moi qui n'ai plus de raison,
Plus de rêves d'amour, plus d'âme,
A moi dont voici la chanson:
'Ce soir mon frère aura pour femme
Pilar, la fille que j'aimais'.
A Pilar que l'on dise: 'Chante'!
A mon frère Pedro, jamais
A moi dont, ce soir, l'âme errante
Ira sangloter à leur porte."

I only wish space permitted further quotation, from a like portion of the first act, for instance, or from the chant of the three blind men.

Mr. Runciman, I know, will not mind my saying a word or two about the music, which is scarcely less remarkable than the text. It is written very largely in dance rhythms of extraordinary variety, some of them, such as the Rueda, in five-eight time, quite new to me, since dance rhythms in the composer's view best express the soul of Spain. His effects are sometimes crude—he is, I believe, only twenty-five years of age—but they are generally original. To suggest that he has been influenced by the young Italian school, as some critics did, is merely ludicrous. There is a something of Debussy in the vocal writing, but it is Debussy with a good deal of difference. His scoring is appropriately peculiar, but original like the rest of his work. The device of accompanying a large part of the action of the first act by a rather vulgar band outside, the orchestra remaining silent, is an admirable one, and so is the touch of terror added by the howls of a little girl, while the bystanders mutter their comments on the crime. That he can write really beautiful as well as merely dramatic music is shown by Pilar's phrases in the second and third acts. As to the Habanera itself, on which the piece so largely depends, it is a mystery to me how the critics come to the conclusion that it was

not striking or distinctive. It rang in my ears for days before the performance and it has rung there ever since. One of them even described it as a gay tune!

One can scarcely hope that this real work of art will have a prosperous career at the Royal Opera. Perhaps when "La Jota" is produced it will be more fortunate, but it can scarcely deserve fortune more than "La Habanera".

M. BOURGET'S PLAY.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

M. BOURGET has nothing whatever in common with Molière, and it is a pity, for Molière is the quintessence of the French genius, which the Swiss Benjamin Constant—whom M. Bourget imitates—is not. Amongst other minor differences he has a tremendous admiration for doctors and medicine: nobody has done so much to apply the medical language to psychological cases. It may have been at first because the disciple of Taine could not differ in such an important point from his master, and it may have been afterwards that M. Bourget became something of a hypochondriac, but I believe that it is mostly because, as a psychological writer, he is simply awed by the physician's power of mastering his subjects and by his intuitiveness. The black-eyed, black-bearded gentleman who can, at a glance, tell you what is the matter with you, and, in a few sharp sentences, make you turn all your energies to get rid of some ideas and adopt others in their place, must be to the tentative writer fighting in his study—not a weak patient, but an amorphous mass of subtle notations—an object of envy and reverence. In fact, M. Bourget's works teem with wonderful physicians.

In a volume of short stories entitled "Les Deux Sœurs" occurs one called "Un Cas de Conscience", which M. Bourget wrote in 1902, and seems to have forgotten till recently. This was the story of a young doctor who is sent down by the famous professor Trousseau to a patient in the country, and unexpectedly finds himself in presence of a moral difficulty out of which he is helped by his professional instinct, but not without a struggle. The patient is one M. de Rocqueville, a retired naval officer, who is at the moment going through a dangerous and possibly a mortal stage of uremia. (Needless to say M. Bourget leaves the narration to his doctor, and we are treated to a copious display of technicalities.) The village doctor, who attends the count when his distinguished junior arrives from Paris, tells the latter that his patient has become worse quite suddenly, and he can only think of some mental cause for this turn of the illness. What it is he does not know for a certainty, but everybody in the countryside knows that the countess had a very dear friend years ago, and perhaps her husband has just found out about him. Some such discovery would account for his evident excitement and his rapid sinking. In fact, the young doctor soon notices that the countess is anxious and worried by something else than her husband's condition, and, on the other hand, he suspects that there must be some tragic reason for the secrecy which M. de Rocqueville enjoins upon him while dictating to him telegrams to his sons. Soon after chance gives him the key to the riddle. He overhears a conversation between the count and countess which leaves no doubt that the latter did have a lover once, that one of her children is his, that the count has found it out by a half-burnt letter, and he fiercely insists on knowing the name of the illegitimate son, threatening, if the countess refuses, to disgrace her before her sons and then die.

Just at that moment the terrible excitement in which this scene has thrown the patient brings on a fit; servants rush in, and the doctor is called. He sees at once that the count is at death's door. Almost instinctively he applies a remedy which seems to take no effect, but, while he does so, the case appears to him in its torturing absurdity. There is one other remedy which he knows will succeed: if the patient is bled he will not recover certainly, but he will probably come to in a short

time and survive two or three more days—that is to say, long enough to do what he has threatened and ruin the lives of four people. After a struggle, which lasts only a few minutes but seems to last an age, the professional instinct gets the better of everything else, the patient is bled, and we are told in a brief conclusion that the awful scene takes place, killing the countess in less than a year and shattering her home to pieces.

This, no doubt, is what is universally called a most dramatic situation. Yet it ought to be called by some other name: "thrilling", for instance, would describe it much better. The word "dramatic" does indeed apply to two people in the story, the doctor (but he disappears in the horror of the situation) and the countess, whose predicament is even more tragic. She, in all likelihood, would be certain in real life to put up with the lesser evil and consent to reveal the name of the illegitimate son, but she is kept purposely in the background.

The fact is that M. Bourget, who has a remarkable talent for inventing such "dramatic" situations, is not a dramatic writer. He is too much of an analyst for that. A dramatic writer never explains the doings of his characters; he makes us feel their reasons for acting by their way of talking and by the subtle touches which give flesh and blood to Shakespeare's men and women the moment they open their lips. Bourget is admirable at explaining (see especially his early novels, "Un Crime d'Amour" for instance) and thrilling us by cases of terrible suspense like this one, but he is never simple and deeply human. Whereas a writer of much less reputation—M. Courteline for instance—will hit, dozens of times in a play or story, on speeches which immediately give you a whole character in powerful foreshortenings, Bourget hardly ever does. Not one—this is no exaggeration, but plain truth—not one of his characters has any humour in him, and very few have real passion. Their mainsprings for action are chiefly jealousy and suspicion (or uncertainty of some kind), and their uncertainty is rather told than it is acted. This means that Bourget is no more a tragic writer than he is a comic one. All his puppets talk in the same voice, and generally too well, though somewhat heavily. (In the present story the country doctor is quite as fluent and choice as his Parisian brother.) In a word, he is poor at characterisation—that is to say, the essence of the drama.

Let us see at present what has become of the story in the theatrical adaptation given at the Comédie-Française. First of all, we should say that the author of this adaptation is not M. Bourget himself, but a much younger playwright, M. Serge Basset, belonging to the new dramatic school. I suppose I can give the reader a sufficient idea of what this new school is by pointing out that its most admired, most envied and most copied representative is M. Bernstein. Its characteristics are those of M. Bernstein, violence and a breathless rapidity of action.

M. Bourget has told in a letter to the newspapers how he was positively dazzled when M. Serge Basset communicated to him the first draft of his adaptation. The fact is that M. Bourget has waited to be past fifty before thinking of the stage, and when he meets a man whose efforts have been turned, from the first, in that direction, he must be startled by the cleverness which early adaptation to the theatrical optics almost infallibly gives. In reality, M. Serge Basset's work is even more dramatic than the story on which it is founded, but what there was in it of analysis and passion disappears almost entirely. The old title, "Un Cas de Conscience", becomes quite misleading, as the physician's uncertainty ceases altogether to be the centre of the play; the countess is never seen facing the alternative which is offered to her; and the count, except just at the end, acts and talks more like a maniac than a human being.

That which has attracted M. Serge Basset is exactly what M. Bourget had despaired of expressing to his satisfaction and purposely left out; I mean the terrible final scene between the father and sons. He realised that if the spectator were once told of the possibility of

such a climax he would be held breathless till he saw it, and, in fact, ten minutes after the curtain has risen we know what we are to expect. Add to this that the poetics of the modern drama admit of scenes which used to be looked upon as shocking. The dying man is on the stage nearly all the time, suffocating, giving evidence of terrible physical agony, and only getting over his exhaustion to give way to the violence of his temperament. The most unimaginative man could not resist the combined horror of this situation and these sights. At last we see the three sons round their father's bed and the countess herself ready to die with dread and shame. I must say that M. Serge Basset has made the most of the scene. One after the other every son appears before the count. He scans their features without saying a word, first the eldest, then the youngest. The second then comes near, the one of whom he seems the most suspicious. One can easily imagine the intensity of such a situation. After a minute's silence, suddenly the count throws his arms open and clasps the young man to his heart.

The play, as I said, is perfectly irresistible, and the dénouement—impossible as another would be—relieves it of what otherwise would appear unbearable; but is this art, is this a study of human passion and a source of human emotion? Certainly not. Our emotion is just what it would be at the Grand-Guignol if we saw a man opening one after the other a number of boxes one of which we knew contained a cobra. It is indeed curious that such a play should be acted at the Comédie-Française. Occasional bits of the dialogue are taken verbatim from the story, and every now and then we notice one of the mannerisms familiar to M. Bourget with which he tries to relieve his collaborator's prose, but these little elegancies are not drama and they are not even literature.

Successful as it has been, I should be surprised if the play ran very long next winter. I leave it to the reader to ask himself—now he knows the story—whether he would be very anxious to see it actually performed.

THE DIVINE DISCONTENT.

WHY are you vexed, O soul, that your house
—Your house of clay—

No longer contents you?

O hasten away!

What do you here?

Does a tear,

Falling on dust, delay you?

Or a song stay you?

Cling not to Earth,

—Rest not there,—

When the land of your birth

Is so near.

Let not Body or Mind

With Fear or Joy bind

You down. Do you say

Still, "Alas for the Heart!"

That broken clay cup

From which the Divine

Life-giving Wine

Was offered up

Fouled with Earth's dust

For the lips of Love and the lips of Lust?

Grieve not, O Soul,

That the earthen bowl

Lies broken.

Its draught was but given in token

Of Living Springs.

Let not Earth bind your wings:

Haste you, O Soul, rejoicing, depart

From your house—your narrow house—

That no longer contents you.

ALTHEA GYLES.

MOHAMMEDAN ART AT MUNICH.

BY ROYALL TYLER.

THE great exhibition which opened last month at Munich and is not to close before October may claim, with better reason than any previous show, to illustrate what Europe has learned about Mohammedan art in the last thirty years. We have long known how much Venetian glass is indebted to the lamps and goblets of Syria, and how Venice and Genoa imitated Turkish brocades and velvets; but the ceramics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries which have been coming to light of late supply a key to many old problems and raise several fresh questions of the deepest interest. Here at Munich, be it said with all due respect for a few pieces of pottery of the first order, the principal things are the textiles. Tsars, emperors, cardinals and mitred abbots have been willing to send their vestments and carpets to an exhibition under the patronage of a Catholic regent; the private collector and the museum official can only look on and tear their hair.

First comes a series of stuffs, either Sassanian or Byzantine and Christian-Roman derived from the Sassanian. This is quite right, for recent discoveries in early Mohammedan art make it clear that though Islam overthrew the Sassanian monarchy, the Sassanian tradition lived on in the Persian and Syrian artists, the greatest Mohammedan civilisation ever could boast. Some of the finest pieces here have been in Europe for upwards of a thousand years, and perhaps the grandest of all is S. Kunibert's shroud from his church at Cologne. Other splendid examples come from Siegburg Monastery and Passau Cathedral. In the same room are some matchless Sassanian silver bowls with repoussé ornamentation, of which the best belong to the Tsar of Russia. It is unheard-of good fortune to be able to examine these marvels side by side. Though the exhibition is not extraordinarily rich in pottery, the big turquoise-blue vase from Sultanabad (Room 13), with its reliefs of lions and palmettes, is enough to show how the spirit of pre-Moslem Persia informed later Persian art. In Room 12 we come to Moslem times and find the gorgeous imperial mantle given by Henry II. the Saint to Bamberg Cathedral. The work is Siculo-Arabian of the tenth century, and of similar origin though a good deal later are some of the remaining vestments lent by S. Mary's, Dantsic. The German churches' wealth in Oriental masterpieces may well startle the visitor; this array is a reminder of a pre-Reformation Germany that collected beautiful things voraciously. The pageant of Moslem art down to the early fourteenth century, when a distinctly characterised period seems to have closed, is continued with the Fatimide cut rock-crystal in Room 54. Here we see lions, birds, decorative motives in which the Cufic character plays a foremost part, and here again many of the most important pieces come from churches. Bamberg Cathedral has two splendid reliquaries; S. Ursula of Cologne and Hochelten Monastery send others. Bronzes and ivories there are also, and superb examples of Syrian gilt and enamelled glass in which both drawing and colour show near kinship to Rhages pottery. Once more the pick of the collection comes from a church; it is a pilgrim's bottle formerly used as a reliquary at S. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna.

M. Kelekian of Paris sends the exquisite fifteenth and sixteenth century silks and velvets shown in Room 36. The balance of the show, artistically speaking, is upset by the quantity and quality of Persian textiles of the Safid period (1502-1629). The overwhelming piece here, the premier rug of the world, is the great silk carpet exposed in Room 5. It is apparently of the time of Shah Abbás, and represents hunting scenes on a deep-red ground, with undeniable though well-assimilated Chinese influence in the drawing. The brilliancy of the colour must be seen to be believed. Truly there is only one fit possessor for such a thing: His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, to whom it actually

does belong. Even though, as is whispered, it has lain unseen by mortal eye for seventeen years, shut up in a case at Schönbrunn, it is better for mankind's peace that it should be hung high out of collector's reach. There are many other fine rugs and many beautiful Persian figured stuffs of the period, but none of them can even challenge comparison with the august carpet stretched out on a low platform under glass.

Kings and princes of the Church have always desired gorgeous robes for themselves and costly vessels for the bones of their saints, and the Moslem East gave them what they looked for. Though an attempt to reconstruct every aspect of Mohammedan artistic activity has only been made recently, the elements were already there for about half the undertaking. It is a curious comment on European unwillingness to recognise high merit in anything made of base material that, while we find stuffs, carpets, crystals, glass, ivories in royal and cathedral treasuries, we have to dig the pottery of the greatest Persian period out of the ruins of dead cities. Persian and Syrian pottery did come West in the Middle Ages it is true; Italy and Spain at any rate imported it, and in both countries it provoked imitation. The exhibition would have been more interesting had it illustrated the influence of Persian ceramics on the Italian as it illustrates the influence of Eastern textiles on Venice and Genoa; material is not lacking. There is plenty of Persian thin-glaze pottery, real or imitated, in Italy embedded high in the walls of churches, as may still be seen at San Piero a Grado, near Pisa, and at San Martino and other churches in the same city. The Italians even knew some of the heavy-glaze varieties; a famous example in the walls of Sta. Cecilia, also at Pisa, is mentioned both by Fortnum and Read. I have seen thirteenth-century pieces of the finest quality cut up into rounds and used to help out the mosaic decoration of a marble pulpit in San Giovanni del Toro at Ravello.

The early pottery here, then, is not the heirloom of princes, nor does much of it come from museums. Not a few pieces belong to private collectors, but more are lent by dealers. Indeed, this art has not been known long enough for its importance to be realised widely yet. The marvellous results of recent excavations will testify that Persian and Syrian artists found freer expression in ceramics than in any other medium. The potters of Rhages, Sultanabad and Veramin could draw and model indeed! They could interpret every living being's every movement, from the elephant's heavy tread to the frightened rush of little fish in shallow water. And what pure glorious colours they used to create a new heaven and a new earth. Their art has nothing to do with exact representation; not many years ago Europe would have been unprepared for it, unable to understand its supreme inventive genius. But now a few bold spirits have shaken off the "true-to-life" superstition* and are strong in their new faith that if an artist does not copy slavishly what is before him it is not necessarily because he can't. In this temper of mind alone is it possible to approach the pottery of the nearer East.

In Rooms 9, 10, 11 and 13 there is an array of thirteenth-century Persian and Syrian pottery that at first sight strikes one as superb; but on reflection it seems to me that this part of the exhibition is open to criticism. Besides a small number of very beautiful pieces, of which some of the best belong to a collector referred to in the catalogue as J. D., who would appear to be none other than the dressmaker, M. Doucet, there are a great many from Sultanabad. Individually all are beautiful, the tender grey variety with drawings of flowers, birds and beasts especially; but too many of the same sort are shown, and there are not enough exceptionally fine ones. This is the greatest pity, as the pots and bowls themselves are so noble that nothing short of such crowding could make them look commonplace. There are not many on the market, I believe, but dealers seem to have sent all that were available. Unfortunately the very finest have stayed away.

* This is, of course, a purely private opinion.—ED. S.R.

The Spanish section is disappointing on the whole; I notice Sr. de Osma's name in the list of exhibitors, but no pieces from his collection in the cases. However, besides fair textiles and the lordly white and blue bath from the Alhambra, there is a very important piece in Room 65. It is a lustre cup, labelled O, said to be the only signed product of Malaga in existence. In Room 49 there are a few examples of lustre found at Fostat, near Cairo, dating from the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Malaga cup bears so strong a resemblance to the Fostat ware, in spite of the typically Spanish gold dots on the white ground which are never found on Fostat pottery, that it seems well established that Malaga continued the Egyptian tradition. Turning to the later ceramics, there are good specimens of the so-called Damascus and Rhodian wares; but I was sorry to see that Koubatcha pottery is poorly represented. These beautiful plates with their sensitive drawing and warm colour on a ground like old ivory have only been known for a very few years, and how they and the equally beautiful thin-glaze varieties ever got to Daghestan in the Caucasus, whence they come to us, is a mystery. The exhibition is rich in exquisite bindings and illuminations, but of these I have no space to speak. The organisation of this great show was so full of difficulty that I feel little inclined to insist on what seems an unfortunate arrangement in the case of some of the finest textiles; it is nobody's fault if the Emperor of Austria's carpet kills everything that ventures near it.

THE STILE.

BY EDWARD THOMAS.

THREE roads meet in the midst of a little green without a house or the sign of one, and at one edge there is an oak copse with untrimmed hedges. One road goes east, another west, and the other north; southward goes a path known chiefly to lovers, and the stile which transfers them to it from the rushy turf is at a corner of the copse.

The country is low, rich in grass and small streams, mazily subdivided by crooked hedgerows, with here and there tall oaks in broken lines or, round the farm-houses, in musing protective clusters. It is walled in by hills on every side, the higher ones bare, the lower furred with trees, and so nearly level is it that, from any part of it, all these walls of hills and their attendant clouds can be seen.

I have known the copse well for years. It holds an acre of oaks two or three generations old, the roots of ancient ones, and an undergrowth of hazel and brier which is nearly hidden by the high thorn hedge.

One day I stopped by the stile at the corner to say goodbye to a friend who had walked thus far with me. It was about half an hour after the sunset of a dry, hot day among the many wet ones in that July. We had been talking easily and warmly together in such a way that there was no knowing whose was any one thought, because we were in electrical contact and each leapt to complete the other's words, just as if some poet had chosen to use the form of an eclogue and had made us the two shepherds who were to utter his mind through our dialogue. When he spoke I had already the same thing in the same words to express. When either of us spoke we were saying what we could not have said to any other man at any other time.

But as we reached the stile our tongues and our steps ceased together, and I was instantly aware of the silence through which our walking and talking had drawn a thin line up to this point. We had been going on without looking at one another in the twilight. Now we were face to face. We wished to go on speaking but could not. My eyes wandered to the rippled outline of the dark heavy hills against the sky, which was now pale and barred with the grey ribs of a delicate sunset. High up I saw Gemma; I even began trying to make out the bent star bow of which it is the centre. I saw the plain, now a vague dark sea of trees and

hedges, where lay my homeward path. Again I looked at the face near me, and one of us said:

"The weather looks a little more settled."

The other replied: "I think it does."

I bent my head and tapped the toe of my shoe with my stick, wishing to speak, wishing to go, but aware of a strong unknown power which made speech impossible and yet was not violent enough to detach me altogether and at once from the man standing there. Again my gaze wandered dallying to the hills—to the sky and the increase of stars—the darkness of the next hedge—the rushy green; the pale roads and the faint thicket mist that was starred with glow-worms. The scent of the honeysuckles of all those hedges was in the moist air. Now and then a few unexpected, startled and startling words were spoken, and the silence drank them up as the sea drinks a few tears. But always my roving eyes returned from the sky, the hills, the plain to those other greenish eyes in the dusk, and then with a growing sense of rest and love to the copse waiting there, its indefinite cloud of leaves and branches and above that the outline of oak tops against the sky. It was very near. It was still, sombre, silent. It was vague and unfamiliar. I had forgotten that it was a copse and one that I had often seen before. White roses like mouths penetrated the mass of the hedge.

I found myself saying "goodbye". I heard the word "goodbye" spoken. It was a signal not of a parting but of a uniting. In spite of the unwillingness to be silent with my friend a moment before, a deep ease and confidence was mine underneath that unrest. I took one or two steps to the stile and, instead of crossing it, leaned upon the gate at one side. The confidence and ease deepened and darkened as if I also were like that still, sombre cloud that had been a copse, under the pale sky that was light without shedding light. I did not disturb the dark rest and beauty of the earth which had ceased to be ponderous, hard matter and had become itself cloudy or, as it is when the mind thinks of it, spiritual stuff, so that the glow-worms shone through it as stars through clouds. I found myself running without weariness or heaviness of the limbs through the soaked overhanging grass. I knew that I was more than the something which had been looking out all that day upon the visible earth and thinking and speaking and tasting friendship. Somewhere—close at hand in that rosy thicket or far off beyond the ribs of sunset—I was gathered up with an immortal company, where I and poet and lover and flower and cloud and star were equals, as all the little leaves were equal ruffling before the gusts, or sleeping and carved out of the silentness. And in that company I had learned that I am something which no fortune can touch, whether I be soon to die or long years away. Things will happen which will trample and pierce, but I shall go on, something that is here and there like the wind, something unconquerable, something not to be separated from the dark earth and the light sky, a strong citizen of infinity and eternity. The confidence and ease had become a deep joy; I knew that I could not do without the Infinite, nor the Infinite without me.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INDIAN POLICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Temple E.C. 20 July 1910.

SIR,—You have published an article so severely criticising a pamphlet of mine dealing with the police in India that I am sure you will allow me a reply. Your charges may, I think, be brought under two main heads: first, that I have been guilty of suppressing what is true and suggesting what is false; and, secondly, that I have done this "to disparage my countrymen abroad".

The pamphlet is drawn from two sources. One is the Report of a Commission appointed by Lord Curzon in

1902 to investigate the notorious abuses of police administration. It was presided over by Sir Andrew Fraser, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; its secretary was Sir Harold Stuart, now a member of the Indian Government. All its members were Anglo-Indian officials except two. Their conclusions, startling as they were, were deliberately published to the world by order of the Viceroy in Council. I fail to see how in emphasising the criticisms and recommendations of these gentlemen I can justly be charged with seeking "to disparage my countrymen abroad".

My second source of information is derived from the published utterances of the highest judicial officers. Amongst these are the Chief Justice of Bengal, judges of the Chief Court at Lahore and of the High Court at Allahabad, and the Judicial Commissioner of Oudh. These are all Anglo-Indians. I cannot understand how, in basing myself upon their criticisms, I can, with any reason, be described as "disparaging my own countrymen abroad". The object of my pamphlet is to show out of the mouths of the Commission and the judges that among the Indian police the barbarous practice of torturing untried prisoners to extort evidence is still prevalent, and that no adequate steps have yet been taken by the Executive to stop the practice. Your article does not deny either of these things. Indeed, you go so far as to assert that "there is probably not a central jail in India which does not contain police officers under punishment for such abuse of their powers".

While, however, you frankly admit the accuracy of my quotations, you assert that they are unfair, because incomplete. You accuse me of having omitted a statement of Sir John Woodburn that urgently needed reforms had been too expensive to admit of being carried out in the past. But I am concerned not with the past, but with what he recommended in 1901, which was that "in his judgment, without any hesitation whatever, the improvement of the police must take precedence of every other project". The Commission said more emphatically that "they realised that it involved large expenditure; but they felt that the police department, which so nearly concerned the life of the people, had hitherto been starved; that the reforms were absolutely essential; and that it was well worth while to pay for them the price required". Yet in 1910, in spite of the extra expenditure of a million, policemen are only paid 2s. 4d. a week, while abuses condemned by the Commission are still flourishing. Conspicuous among them is the practice of torture.

I have quoted the following sentences in reference to this:

"Actual physical torture is rarely resorted to; but it is easy under the conditions of Indian society, and having regard to the character of the people, to exercise strong pressure and great cruelty without having recourse to such physical violence as leaves its traces on the body of the victim. Other most flagrant abuses occur occasionally. . . ." (Italics mine.) What is there unfair in this?

But you describe as my "worst omission" that I have not quoted a sentence from the Report stating that "the constables possessed very much the characteristics of the class from which they were recruited". No one denies it. But what I say is that the Government have no business to recruit policemen at all from such a class. What the Commission say is this:

"In other departments of the public service strenuous efforts have been made to secure better educated and more respectable persons for the higher offices. In the police department, where the work is perhaps the most difficult and important in India, the Government has been content to leave the higher and more responsible offices filled by men deficient in education, intelligence, and social status. . . . There are honest and efficient officers of all grades, though they are represented as being very exceptional in the lower grades. . . . In some Provinces . . . three-fourths of them are illiterate. . . . They ordinarily belong to the lower strata of society. . . . Care should be taken to ascertain that they are of good character and antecedents.

. . . On no account should members of the criminal classes be enlisted."

Can you imagine a severer indictment of the system of recruiting?

You censure me because I condemn too unsparingly "the common practice of extorting confessions and procuring the evidence of accomplices as informers". You say that the same thing is known to the French and American criminal systems. But do you suggest that we are to imitate the evils of foreign systems? What I maintain is that to extort confessions is reprobated both by English and Indian law, and that, in the words of the Commission, "it is most objectionable; leads to gross abuse of power; and quite inexplicable instances occur of innocent people making 'confessions'".

I may mention that in more than one of the cases cited in my pamphlet the Courts have had to deal with "confessions" procured by the police, when either no crime at all had been committed, or the persons confessing turned out to have had no connexion with it.

You are surprised at my complaint that I cannot find any orders of the Indian Government prohibiting torture. That is not what I have said, but that "I have not been able to find that the British Government in India has issued any order against torture in the twentieth century". You assert that the statute book and Executive regulations are full of them. If this is so, the Report of the Commission and the recent observations of the judges show that they have not been effective.

My quotation from Macaulay was made in order to recall to the public his condemnation of torture as "a practice the most barbarous and the most absurd that has ever disgraced jurisprudence". My complaint is that, when the judiciary call attention to the police having probably tortured witnesses, the only steps usually taken by the Executive are to institute secret *ex parte* inquiries by police officers who can hardly be impartial; with the result, in the great majority of cases, that the policemen not only go unpunished, but remain in the service of the Government, and the administration of justice is brought into contempt. Even that is not the worst. Police officers, who have been publicly the objects of grave judicial comments, are, without having been publicly excupulated, selected for special honour by the Executive. Can you defend this?

You condemn as a "mis-statement" my assertion that Indian gentlemen have been deported without charge or trial upon the secret evidence of policemen. You must have forgotten what the Under Secretary of State said in the House last year:

"With regard to the deportations, the reports handed in to the Government, and upon which they have depended solely (italics mine), have been made by the higher officials of the police force—the Deputy Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department, and the officials immediately around him."

No one can tell from whom these officials obtained their information, or whether among them may not have been the very police officers who have incurred the censure of the Courts.

In these circumstances, may I not hope that you will agree that one ought to be equally careful not to disparage a countryman, whether he be at home or abroad?

Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC MACKARNES.

EGYPTIAN RACES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute, 18 July 1910.

SIR,—Mr. A. B. Sayce in his letter which you print last Saturday has unintentionally, I am sure, been hardly fair to my "official mind", and put wrong constructions on some of my statements. I never expressed or felt a yearning to revert to corporal punishment in dealing with the Fellahin of the Delta, but, in common with officials of much higher rank, I did deplore its total and immediate, instead of its gradual, abolition. The Fellah is to all intents and purposes

a child, and I do not believe his specific faults are aggravated by such a punishment as a London magistrate would award to a juvenile offender. At any rate, the stick, if it did not raise the man's self-respect, did not convert him into a dangerous criminal, as has been effected by the humanitarian alternatives now resorted to.

The Egyptian Delta, which is practically a vast ploughed field, stands on a very different footing from mountainous Sicily, and if reports of the brigands and their haunts had been made to the British authorities these latter would have been greatly wanting in their duty if the predatory gentry had not been laid by the heels in a very short time.

In considering the Egyptian populations under our care and control, Levantines have undoubtedly a claim to be taken into account. The British Government, for excellent reasons which I need not specify, has declined to grant individual protection, and the wealthier Levantines have obtained this from other European Powers, generally by a figure of rhetoric well placed at their Consulates. But this protection, which in peaceful times secures them from prosecution except in their own courts, would avail little in case of a Nationalist domination, for their nominal protectors would not care to revive the Don Pacifico incident. The unfortunate Levantines and Copts would be the first objects of plunder, and when no more money could be extracted from them the Fellahin, grown wealthy under British rule, would next be mulcted.

Passing over other subjects as of minor importance, I come to the main practical question, to which history and ethnology are merely subservient. How are we to rule a so-called "nation" consisting of Fellahin, Bedawin, Copts, Levantines, Berbers, Nubians, foreign residents, and, taking the base and the apex of the pyramid, the riff-raff who accumulate in Alexandria and Port Said, a potent element to be reckoned with in troubled times, and the warlike tribes in the south, banded under the religious order Sammani, and who for convenience may be called Mahdists? These last very nearly overran the Delta fifteen short years ago, as Timur overran India, and would have done so but for Lord Kitchener. Surely the ruler over such a heterogeneous populace requires the hand of iron under the glove of velvet, and, his competency once proved, he should be worried as little as possible by faddists and doctrinaires. Mr. Sayce's language on this question is so guarded and vague that his meaning, in default of specific suggestions, can only be surmised. He says: "I am sanguine enough to hope that under an enlightened and sympathetic supervision these [statesmanlike qualities] will, by gradual progression, be found to exist and be capable of a development not inconsistent with a modified self-government".

This is all very well, but we need more explicit rules than "enlightened and sympathetic supervision" and "gradual progression". Something of the kind seems to have been attempted during the last three years, the result being the murder of a Prime Minister and insults offered in the streets to the Proconsul. Every concession has been regarded as a sign of weakness, and the claims of the Nationalists have increased till they now scout all minor privileges, and openly demand a free press and the withdrawal of the Army of Occupation, thus leaving our Resident free to offer any advice he pleases, but utterly powerless to enforce its adoption on the lines laid down by Lord Granville. I infer, however, from the general tenour of Mr. Sayce's letter that he is not at all in favour of proceeding in this direction and giving more power to the Mohammedans, but is rather inclined to advance the Copts. With regard to these interesting people, he appears to have misunderstood me. I meant no reflection on their religious qualities, spiritually considered, but that their probity was shaky. But the promotion of any Copt, however honest, to high office would be regarded with intense jealousy by the Mohammedans; and unless we keep a firmer control over these latter and their journalism than we appear to have been doing lately, the "removal" of our nominee would soon follow; and were we to withdraw

the Army of Occupation, a general massacre might be looked for, with a return to a military dictatorship and probably eventual occupation by Turkey, for Great Britain, except to maintain the Canal, would wash her hands of the business, and other Powers, except as bondholders, have few interests in the country.

Mr. Sayce must surely be aware that the Fellahin, who are the mainspring of Egypt, and, alike from their industry, their ignorance and their fanaticism, the class primarily entitled to protection and guidance, already enjoy an excellent "modified self-government". Every village is ruled by its Sheik-belled or mayor, himself kept in check by the Omdar, and their reports go to the Moudir, who transmits them to the Ministry, to be dealt with by the department to which they belong. It only remains to find an honest and capable Prime Minister, independent of the ridiculous native "Parliament", with sufficient tact to keep well with Court and factions, and sufficient firmness to resist alike threats and blandishments, to do which he needs the support of the British Resident. Such a man existed in Butros Pacha, but, alas! "el Muslim ahsan min el Nusrani", and the Nationalists conspired against him, murdered him, and openly rejoiced over the crime. This fatal flaw in Mohammedanism (a most excellent creed, if its votaries would but live up to it and cultivate the virtue of humility) cannot be too often pointed out; I am convinced that, were British occupation to cease, the whole of the Egyptian troops and police would join their co-religionists should an émeute arise.

Mr. Sayce's last sentence puzzles me greatly. If I read it aright he asserts that a vast number of the Fellahin are but nominally Mohammedans and that their creed is only two hundred years old (what were they before?). If asked, I should have said that it dates from the eighth and ninth centuries A.D., and that, be this as it may, they are now Sunnis of the most rabid type, despising Christians, but regarding Shiites with the most virulent animosity, a feeling cordially reciprocated. When parties of hadji from Central Asia were in the habit of crossing the Delta on foot from a Mediterranean port to Suez the most desperate conflicts were frequent between them and the natives, arising from a casual remark from one side or the other that Omar was the son of a pig, or that Fatima was no better than she should be.

In conclusion, I would suggest that any questions arising from difference of vision between the official and the missionary eye be referred to Professor Dicey, who knows more about the matter than either Mr. Sayce or myself. I think he would refer both of us for instruction to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the success of which may be mainly attributed to the central Government leaving their representative unfettered by vexatious instructions and unworried by philanthropic experimentalists.

Yours faithfully,
W. J. GARNETT.

SUFFRAGETTES AND CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Beeches, Stowmarket, 21 July 1910.

SIR,—As a reader and admirer of the SATURDAY REVIEW for many years I cannot refrain from expressing my dismay at finding your usual high standard of good taste so violated as it is in the "Notes of the Week" on the woman's suffrage question in your last issue.

We expect scathing criticism in the SATURDAY REVIEW, and even when it is directed against our own particular beliefs and theories we arise with no ill-feeling from the trouncing we have received, for the high standard set by the fine instincts of good breeding has invariably been dominant in your remarks. To ridicule women when they emerge from private life, whatever the provocation be which leads them to take the step, is a very old tale, but it is a matter for dismay to find a Review usually so fastidious in its expressions

descending to the cheap gibes which have been used in the notes referred to.

Your leading articles on the suffragette movement, written in a very different vein, have been read with interest and profit by suffragette and anti-suffragette alike, and, as I am sure the highest standard of courteous argument would be observed by the writer of these articles, I make bold to draw his attention to the letter in the "Times" of Tuesday, 12 July, from Miss Emily Davies, in which the "adult suffrage scare" is very ably met.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
T. M. WORTHINGTON.

"SUPER-TAX."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 July 1910.

SIR,—Referring to your paragraph on 16 July on the subject of "super-tax", it would appear from the report of the answers recently given in the House of Commons that the income-tax authorities will accept an unsworn statement on a form of return for income tax that the whole income of the person making the return is derived from £150,000 of "Consols", but will not accept a sworn statement in the form of an affidavit, which would be accepted in any court of law, that his income is less than £4000 per annum! Is it not time that some strong protest should be made against the peculiar, not to say insulting, ways of "the Somerset House young man"?

I enclose my card, but sign myself, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
ZETETES.

"FLEDERMAUS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 19 July 1910.

SIR,—I have just read with respectful amazement the extraordinary onslaught on "Fledermaus" by Mr. John F. Runciman in your issue of 9 July, and hope it is not too late to raise a protest against its whole tone. The memory of Johann Strauss, who is admitted to have been a genius without a rival in his own field, needs no defence, but one cannot read without indignation such vulgar abuse as Mr. Runciman has seen fit to heap on him, by which he can only harm himself. He will surely not deny to men like Mahler, Weingartner, Nikisch, Mottl, von Schuch, the title of "sane musicians"; yet all of them have thought "Die Fledermaus" worthy of producing at the opera houses under their control and of preparing and conducting it with loving care. Would he have them "if not hanged, at any rate soundly spanked"? If, in face of the opinions of all competent judges of the last fifty years, Mr. Runciman calls these matchless melodies "tunes without distinction or the smallest hint of beauty", and if he thinks the "dance music of all the Strausses bad", he is within his rights; but it surely betrays consciousness of a weak case when he gratuitously, without a tittle of evidence, accuses Brahms of insincerity in paying his historic tribute to the "Blue Danube". Quite apart from the musical aspect of the case, it is not a little regrettable to see the SATURDAY REVIEW lending the weight of its authority to the assertion that Vienna is "the most vulgar city in the world" or to such a violation of good manners as is contained in the description of Johann Strauss as "Yiddish"!

In conclusion, I will only say that my own impression as to the amount and genuineness of the applause at the first performance of "Die Fledermaus" at His Majesty's Theatre is entirely at variance with that of Mr. Runciman, and many friends who were present are ready to bear me out in stating that its reception was exceptionally enthusiastic.

I am yours very truly,
RICHARD EPSTEIN.

[We do not like to suppress righteous indignation; but really our correspondent should hardly accuse others of vulgar abuse.—Ed. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

"MERE HONEST WORK."

"Sable and Purple." By William Watson. London: Nash. 1910. 2s. 6d. net.

WE have often thought that if Mr. Watson were less modest, he would be more successful. Steeped in the poetry of his masters—Wordsworth, Milton, Matthew Arnold—he has always seemed to himself as a disciple. It is characteristic of him that he is at his best—at his most inspired—beside Wordsworth's grave. His native and unaided gift he has always seemed to distrust.

"Mere honest work my mission is
My message and my aim";

of which it may be said that mere honest work is not the mission of a poet. Mere honest work is the work of many a great scholar, of many a great essayist, of many a great historian; even then it must be salted with a pinch of genius. But mere honest work and great poetry do not live in the same house. Mr. Watson has written lines of grave beauty. Often he has packed a great deal of sincere thought into a memorable phrase. Sometimes we feel that he has within him all that the born poet should. It seems as if he had the wings but feared to trust himself in the air, as if it were not lack of high feeling, or true skill, or the right ear that prevented him from writing really great poetry, but simply lack of confidence. Of course Mr. Watson knows best. He may in secret have met the doom of Icarus. But it must often have struck many readers who see in him one of the very few living poets whose verses will be remembered fifty years hence that the man who has sung songs so beautiful and stately of things well within his compass might with more confidence have sung a little higher.

It is several years—ten years at least—since Mr. Watson gathered into a single volume all he wished to preserve of his poetical work. When a man does this it may be taken as a sign that in his own view at least his best work is behind him. The rest is epilogue. Since Mr. Watson collected his poems he has published new volumes of verse, but he has not added to his reputation. Still he keeps well within the old range, content to express the thought that he can fit glove-like with the beautiful and adequate phrase. The very slender volume now before us begins characteristically:

"I sing not Death. Death is too great a thing
For me to dare to sing.
I chant the human goodness, human worth,
Which are not lost, but sweeten still the Earth."

Mr. Watson, it seems, is the same diffident poet of thirty years ago; but, alas! with less of the unbending stateliness of the earlier time. Mr. Watson thirty years ago would not have chanted "human goodness, human worth". But certainly he would have written that first couplet. Before the very great things his spirit has always quailed. Rightly or wrongly, he has felt himself unequal to the song that shall contain them.

"Many have sung of the terrors of Storm;
I will make me a song of its beauty, its graces
of hue and form";

he writes in this same volume and in much the same spirit. When we reflect how many indeed there are who have sung of the terrors of Storm with less real genius for song, certainly with less of the artist's cunning in words and metres, than has Mr. Watson, we wish again that he had been less diffident. Even had he not wonderfully succeeded, certainly he would have failed not meanly. It would have been good to watch the venture.

We imagine the present volume was printed in order that the verses inspired by the death of King Edward might not appear too late. Otherwise Mr. Watson would probably have waited till he could give us something more substantial. The volume contains

but four short pieces. For quotation we choose the opening lines of the address to King George. There is no line in this volume that can be put beside Mr. Watson's best, but the lines we have chosen show that at least one living poet can play the laureate without entirely losing himself.

"Sea-lover, and sea-rover, throned henceforth
Amid the paths and passes of the sea;
You that have sailed, out of our stormy North,
And have not sailed in vain,
To all the golden shores where now You reign,
Through every ocean gate whereof You keep the
key:
O may your power and your dominion stand
Fixt on what things soever make Life fair,
And on what things soever make men free,
In duteous love of ordered liberty:
So shall your praise be blown from strand to
strand."

This is not great poetry, but it is the best we have yet seen for May 1910. Mr. Watson's very humility makes of him an excellent laureate. Where a poet of his gifts might well think of himself as stooping to laureateship, Mr. Watson has probably wondered whether he would rise to the occasion. That he has risen we grant. The pity is he has not determined to rise above it by a single beat of the wing.

LIVING PICTURES OF BIG GAME.

"**Camera Adventures in the African Wilds: being an Account of a Four Months' Expedition in British East Africa for the purpose of securing Photographs from Life of the Game.**" By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. With Map and Reproductions of numerous Photographs from Life by the Author. London: Heinemann. 1910. 30s.

EVERY sportsman who has wandered after big game the world over, unless indeed he chance to be a butcher of animals pure and simple, or a mere "collector", must have regretted again and again that he was unable to bring back with him to civilisation some more graphic mementoes of the scenery and some more telling record of the life history of the animals he had lived amongst than a few grisly skulls, horns and dried skins. For the peculiar and compelling fascination of seeking all wild animals and birds lies, not in their slaughter, but in the difficulties of approaching and circumventing them, combined with the study of their life history amid their daily surroundings. Fifty years ago a traveller in wild countries, such as British East Africa, had nothing but such word-painting as was within his power, supplemented in the rare instances when he chanced also to be an artist by rough sketches, to give the world some faint idea of the marvels he had seen. These sketches, however true, invariably suffered severely in the process of reproduction, owing to the primitive methods available at that time. The ordinary books on sport and travel dealt mainly with pure records of slaughter, possibly because the public taste of the day was averse from the study of natural history. Thus when Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming produced his famous "Lion Hunter", many humanitarians at home were shocked—and they had some reason on their side. Other great sportsmen and explorers, such as Sir Samuel Baker, gave the world a judicious mixture of their successes with the gun and rifle, blended with most fascinating accounts of the countries visited and the natives met with, with such notes on natural history as lay within their grasp.

Since those far-off days sportsmen innumerable have shot dangerous beasts in all parts of Africa, but as weapons improved so did the risks they ran decrease in proportion. Gordon-Cumming, Baker and other daring Englishmen sought out and slew lions, buffalo and rhinoceros with muzzle-loading weapons, sometimes single-barrelled, which shot accurately at comparatively short ranges. The modern sportsman has

not only the advantage of breech-loading arms and expanding bullets, but of magazine rifles firing six or more cartridges with absolute precision at the longest possible ranges. Thus it has come about that, although there are still at times chances of being killed or mauled when following up wounded lions or when suddenly coming upon a savage buffalo or morose rhinoceros, the balance of safety is altogether unduly on the sportsman's side, and the risks he runs, in comparison with those of half a century ago, are almost infinitesimal. This is what made Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore, sated, as he candidly admits, with the mere slaying of game, take to camera work. With what success he has done this, this splendidly illustrated volume is the best proof. No sportsman who has had to face a charging animal, be it bull, buffalo or what not, can fail to admire the nerve and skill of the man who could take the series of photographs given in this book of charging rhinoceros, at times within fifteen yards! That the author depended on a comrade to turn the enraged beast by means of a charge of buckshot or a well-placed bullet does not detract from the qualities displayed. As a matter of fact, the shot did not always have the desired effect, and the daring photographer had to get out of the scrape as best he could. Only those who have attempted to keep their eyes in the "finder" of their camera and focus a savage beast rapidly closing on them can justly appreciate what such work means. Mr. F. C. Selous, if any man, knows what danger from wild beasts at close quarters means, and he is enthusiastic in commendation of Mr. Dugmore's book. Every nature-photographer should learn much from this book, since the author has not hesitated to reproduce now and again an indifferent photograph and explain how and why it was not better. Truly the possibilities of failure in this sort of photography, and especially when the flash light is employed, are numberless and enough to deter all save those who are real enthusiasts. It sounds so simple to place camera and flash light in position and to adjust a string for a wild beast to trip over by night and thus both release shutter and fire the light. But experience proved that, usually, some wretched nocturnal bird was almost sure to forestall the expected animal, and that when he did come it was not a lion but a miserable prowling jackal!

Those who read this delightful book will no doubt recall Schilling's excellent work "Flashlight Camera and Rifle". But Mr. Dugmore has fairly beaten this, not only by his admirable photographs of big game by day and by night, but by his superior knowledge of the life-history of animals and his excellent descriptions of their habits and the country they are found in.

Every lover of wild animals will rejoice to see herds of giraffe, zebra and antelope of many sorts pictured in their homes. The river scenes with the hippopotami showing their ugly heads are fascinating. The ancient name of "river-horse" bestowed on these cumbersome beasts was by no means so unsuitable as clever scoffers have thought. For a hippo with only the curve of its neck, ears and forehead and eyes exposed leaves a ludicrous likeness to a submerged horse, as these pictures testify. It is a great pity the map of the country provided is most inadequate. It is inserted in the wrong place, faces the wrong way and does not open clear of the text. The details given are blurred and insufficient, the railway is drawn like a frontier line, several important places alluded to in the text are altogether omitted, whilst others are almost illegible. Thus the reader who seeks for Ithanga, should he haply find it, will experience all the triumph of a successful competitor in a picture puzzle!

It is also a distinct misfortune that no reference is made to the letterpress on the pictures or vice versa, for, owing to the number of photographs of the same species, such as rhinoceros, it is often impossible for the reader to find the picture of some thrilling episode he reads about. In every other way the book is admirably turned out; printing and plates alike are excellent. We only trust that the plates are not on "art paper", for the pictures given are far too valuable to run the risk of perishing.

The general advice and information to future travellers is good, and those parts which may be new to many are none the less sound. We greatly hope this book may induce many sportsmen to strive to emulate Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore's exploits and add to our knowledge of rare species instead of wiping them out.

THE HITTITES.

"The Land of the Hittites." By J. Garstang. London Constable. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

FREEMAN used to refer to certain literary controversies as a "fight between the Hittites and the Jebusites". Had he been living to-day he would have found that the Hittites were much in the ascendant. Of the Jebusites we know little, and hear less; the Hittites, on the other hand, have won their way to popularity and renown. A whole literature has sprung up about them, and classical scholars are beginning to vie with Orientalists in claiming their acquaintance.

As a matter of fact, the Hittites turn out to have occupied a very important place in the history of civilisation, and their resurrection—for no other word is applicable—is one of the most remarkable and romantic incidents in the history of Oriental research. A few years ago their position was that of the Jebusites; all that was known about them was derived from the pages of the Old Testament, and it was supposed that they were merely one of many small tribes settled in Palestine. Indeed, even this was doubted in some quarters, and the followers of the German school of criticism professed themselves sceptical as to the existence of Hittites at all in the days of Abraham.

Now all is changed. First of all the decipherment of the monuments of Egypt and Assyria brought to light the fact that the people called Hittites in the Old Testament had a kingdom in Northern Syria, and that they had been formidable enemies of the Egyptians in the Mosaic age. Then certain inscriptions came to light at Hamath which Dr. Wright suggested might be of Hittite origin. Next came the discovery by Dr. Sayce that similar inscriptions were to be found in Asia Minor in regions which could be proved to be Hittite, as well as at the Hittite capital, Carchemish, and that they were everywhere accompanied by a peculiar form of art and the representation of a peculiar physical type. The type of face, indeed, was exactly that which the Egyptian artists assigned to their Hittite foes. The race was neither Semitic nor Indo-European; it had its seat in Eastern Cappadocia, whence it descended into Syria, bringing with it the snowshoes with upturned ends which were characteristic of Asia Minor.

The cuneiform tablets found at Tell-el-Amarna in Upper Egypt confirmed and extended the new "Hittite theory". We learned from them that at the close of the Eighteenth Egyptian dynasty the Hittites were moving southward from their northern quarters and overrunning the Egyptian province of Syria. Many of them were already settled in Canaan, where bands of them hired themselves to the unwarlike Canaanite princes as mercenary troops. The leaders of these troops not infrequently made themselves masters of the towns they had been called upon to defend, so that Canaan had already become largely Hittite in character.

The southern movement had been going on for centuries. The astrological records of the age of Khammu-rabi in Babylonia contain many references to the doings of the Hittite kings, and the dynasty to which he belonged was finally overthrown by a Hittite invasion of Babylonia. The painted pottery found in the pre-Israelitish remains in the south of Palestine has also been traced to a Hittite source.

Thus far, however, Hittite history had to be recovered from the annals of its enemies. At last, between three and four years ago, excavations were commenced at Boghaz Keui, the Hittite capital north of the Halys, by a German expedition under Professor Winckler. The results were speedy and startling.

Two libraries of clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters were discovered, and the tablets and their fragments could be counted by thousands. Most of them were written in the still undeciphered language of the country, but a certain number were in Assyrian. These, fortunately, were just the tablets which had to do with the international relations of the Hittite Empire, Assyrian being at the time the language of diplomacy, and they are filled with historical details of great variety and value. The whole history of the period to which they belong has been suddenly unfolded to us. It was the period of the Nineteenth dynasty in Egypt, of the rise of Assyrian power in the East, and of the Israelite exodus from Goshen. The old world of the East was passing away and a new world taking its place, and we now learn that in this process the Hittites played a leading part.

For a time, indeed, they were the chief power in Western Asia. Their Empire extended to the Ægean Sea on the one side and to the frontiers of Egypt on the other. The kings of Mesopotamia and Babylonia were their vassals, and the Pharaoh himself was glad to enter into marriage alliances with the Hittite monarch. When he came to visit Egypt and his daughter, the Egyptian Queen, the magnificence of his reception was Oriental in its extravagance. Meanwhile treaties, offensive and defensive, were made between the Hittite Government and the other great Powers of the world, with the object, it would seem, of checking the aspirations of Assyria, which was at the time little more than a military camp.

Professor Garstang's book tells all this and much more. It is an exhaustive account of all that we know at present about the Hittites and their land. As is stated in the Introductory Note, it is likely to remain "the standard authority on the subject for a long while to come". It is packed with references, but the text is pleasant and easy reading, and is interleaved with a profusion of interesting photographs. An appendix contains a bibliography of literature on the Hittite question as well as an index of Hittite monuments, and the general index at the end is excellent.

The Hittites, it is evident, have come to stay with us, and a scholarly and recent work upon them was therefore much needed. Neither the classicist nor the theologian can any longer afford to neglect or ignore them. They formed the link between East and West, and carried the culture of Babylonia to the Greek seas. They influenced Canaan to an extent which we are only just beginning to realise, and the criticism and interpretation of the Old Testament will henceforth have to reckon with them. What light their history and monuments throw on classical studies has lately been pointed out by Mr. Hogarth. Much that is obscure in Greek mythology will probably receive an explanation as our knowledge increases of early Anatolian history. The Amazons with whom Priam fought in his youth turn out to have been Hittite warriors, and the figure of one of them is sculptured on one of the gates of Boghaz Keui. The resurrection of a people whose very name had been forgotten in the days of the Greek and Latin writers is truly something of which archaeology may be proud.

S. CLARE.

"Legenda S. Clare Virginis." Edited by Professor Francesco Pennacchi. Assisi: Tip. Metastasio. 1910. 7 lire.

"The Life of S. Clare ascribed to Thomas of Celano." Edited and translated by Fr. Paschal Robinson O.F.M. Philadelphia: Dolphin Press. 1910.

MUCH is known of S. Francis of Assisi; little, in comparison, of his first disciple among women, S. Clare the Virgin. There is but one original, primitive, contemporary Life of her, the Legend written by command of Pope Alexander IV. some time between 1255, the year of the Saint's canonisation, and 1261, the year of that Pontiff's death. It is this Legend that Professor Pennacchi has edited, taking as his basis the

exemplar in the Assisian Codex No. 338, and it is this Legend which Father Robinson has translated straight from the manuscript, not from this last printed version, for the two books appear almost simultaneously. Both bits of work are admirably done; that the lessons taught, the examples set, by such great scholars in the Franciscan field as Faloci Pulignani, Sabatier, Van Ortruy and the "Patres Editores" of Quaracchi are bearing good fruit is shown by the thoroughness, good order, scientific method and ease with which these two publications have been handled. The Legend of S. Clare was first printed in the first edition of Surius' "De Probatis Sanctorum Historiis", 1573; it was also reproduced by the Bollandists in Tom. II. Aug. of the "Acta Sanctorum", with a masterly Commentarius Prævius by Cuperus. Neither Surius nor Cuperus goes beyond calling its author "anonymous". Modern scholars are practically unanimous in attributing the Legend to Thomas of Celano, the author of two Lives of S. Francis and a treatise on his miracles. Faloci Pulignani, Père Edouard d'Alençon, Sabatier, P. Lemmens and the modern Bollandists are all of this opinion. Professor Pennacchi strongly, Father Robinson more cautiously, both champion the idea. Of positive conclusive evidence, however, there is none; an Italian version of the seventeenth century to be found in one of the Magliabecchian Codices ascribes the authorship to Celano; but so late a witness counts for little enough. The only evidence at the disposal of scholars is the internal evidence of method and style, and it is as dangerous to draw positive conclusions from evidence of the kind as it is to be cocksure of the authorship of pictures from resemblances of ears and fingers and thumbnails. Clever disciples can imitate good masters, and the more pronounced their characteristics the easier they are of imitation. Is it not possible that S. Bonaventure, about thirty-five years of age at the death of S. Clare in 1253, wrote the Legend, taking Celano as his model, adopting his method, and forming himself on his style? It is important to remember that Fra Nicola Papini, the most hard-headed and the least subjective among Franciscan critics, after concluding in 1822 for Thomas of Celano ("Notizie Sicure", p. 137) very positively retracted this opinion in 1827 ("Storia di S. F.", Vol. II. p. 236) more or less in favour of S. Bonaventure.

But, whoever the author, he has written an extraordinarily beautiful and vivid legend. The great public deeds of S. Catherine of Siena, the fascinating writings and marvellous reform work of S. Theresa, have in the popular estimation, and especially outside the Church, somewhat overshadowed the secluded S. Clare. Yet Clara was the greatest Saint of the three, perhaps the greatest woman Saint of whom we have authentic information. "Clausula manens Clara toto clarescere mundo incipit" we read in her Legend, and it is our hope that these two scholarly and illuminating books may cause her clear light once more to begin to shine before men. It is true, as Father Robinson says, that the Legend is meagre in details, that it furnishes the materials for a picture rather than the picture itself. But the materials are ample enough for a complete knowledge of her heart and mind. Much as we know of S. Francis, we are yet ever eager to know more; societies are founded, periodicals run, series of learned works inaugurated, merely to wrest a fact or two more from the past about this the most fascinating of the Saints. But of S. Clare we may remain content with the outline sketch of this unknown hagiographer, with this, and with our knowledge of her struggle for the privilege of absolute poverty as revealed in Papal Bulls. Readers of sane imagination can fill in the colour and shade for themselves without fear of error, and we will hope that some day the artist may be found who will give us a "life" written within the limits of the outline sketch, but coloured so as to bring out all the exquisite moral and spiritual qualities of one of the greatest-hearted women that ever lived.

Father Robinson has added to the Legend a translation of the Rule of S. Clare here presented in its complete form in English for the first time. We could

wish that he had also added a translation of her "Testament". True, the authenticity of this document has been impugned in the last twenty years. Neither for nor against has any real evidence been adduced. Indeed, the question has never been properly faced, and it needs to be faced squarely. The principal argument against its authenticity is that it did not become generally known until it appeared in Mark of Lisbon's "Chronicle" (1556-1562). But may this not be accounted for by the fact that the majority of the Clares were Urbanists living under dispensations from the Rule of most high poverty, and that many Clares even of the strict observance were under the guidance of Conventuals to whom the doctrine was decidedly unacceptable? This document is historically so important that a resolute effort should be made to solve the problem.

REAL INDIA.

"Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment." By Sir Bampfylde Fuller. London: Murray. 1910. 6s. net.

SIR BAMPFYLDE FULLER fought a good fight, and, though he lost his Lieutenant-Governorship, he may well say "militavi non sine gloria". His fellow-countrymen will always read with interest and pleasure the words of a man who foresaw what would be the effect of carrying too far the introduction of democratic principles into our Indian Empire, and preferred to sacrifice his prospects rather than adopt a policy he could not approve, a policy which those, who accepted his resignation, subsequently had to abandon. There is no reference to these circumstances in this brightly written, thoughtful and informing work. The author touches and adorns all things Indian. Those who would learn the facts rather than the substitutes therefor served up by agitators, can realise from a perusal of these pages how all-powerful is caste; how little loved of their fellow-countrymen are those who cross the black water, lose their caste, and pose in England as the representatives of India; how misleading is the accepted proportion of Mohammedans to Hindus; how truthful are the peoples, not the people, of India in their lives and conversation; how they clothe themselves with mendacity, prevarication, and suspicion, as with a garment, when they enter into our Courts of Justice; how good a friend to the poor in India is the British Civil Servant from this far Atlantic island, how remote from all those local ties, prejudices and prepossessions which make it almost impossible for a native of the country to be impartial amidst the war of faction and the stress and strain of caste; how bravely the Civil Servants we send out fight down famine; how successful is their organisation to this end; how cruel and ignorant are the off-hand criticisms provided by agitators for unintelligent use by amateur critics in England.

The facts about the native press can be found herein, and the author shows conclusively that administrative reforms, so called, are in the eyes of the anti-British reformers valuable in proportion as they weaken the British administration.

Had Sir Bampfylde written a little later, the state of Egypt would have reinforced the arguments he uses. The case, as Lord Cromer long ago pointed out, is almost an exact parallel.

In the early part of the book the author compresses the main facts of the history of India into thirty pages, no small feat, and readers will find this abstract equally useful, entertaining, and free from strings of Indian names which to them mean nothing and darken counsel.

Perhaps Sir Bampfylde Fuller does not quite fully realise, as Warren Hastings did, and we have all recently had occasion to do, that the Mahrattas alone of all the peoples in India have in them something of a national feeling. It is this which makes their agitators more formidable than others, which animates their seditious writers, their discontented officials, their deluded assassins. He describes Sivaji, the hero king of the Mahrattas, as one of the "peasant class". The same

error is made by most writers on India in respect of Hyder Ali of Mysore. The fact is both these able rulers were men of good family and position, but it is usual to exaggerate the obscurity from which men have sprung in proportion to the heights to which they have afterwards climbed. There is value in Sir Bampfylde's suggestion that Civil Servants should be trained in India for two years after their arrival from home. This would be a far better preparation for the post of judge, for instance, than the training received by a briefless barrister, who, perhaps with the aid of a seat in Parliament, worries or cajoles the authorities into giving him an appointment, in which he probably atones for failings in other respects by exaggerated pretensions on the score of the dignity and independence of his office, and by an attitude of criticism, if not hostility, towards the executive Government and its agents. Sir Bampfylde's tale of the famine orphans of whom Lady Fuller took charge, who would not run because it made them hungry, recalls the coolies, husband and wife, who were put into his private hospital by their planter employer and generously maintained there at his expense, well over their convalescence. When it was eventually suggested to them that they might perhaps return to work, they both with one accord protested that the Sahib, having treated them so long like his own children, could surely never expect them to work like coolies again! Readers of this volume will always be glad to read Sir Bampfylde Fuller again.

NOVELS.

"The Devourers." By A. Vivanti Chartres. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s.

It is rare to find a novel written round an idea which yet reflects life faithfully, but the author of this book, while she selects somewhat unusual characters, succeeds in developing her theme without spoiling her story. As she also writes well and has a sense of literature and of music, the result is work of real merit. Nancy Ivory, daughter of an English painter and his pretty bourgeoisie Italian wife, becomes while yet a child a remarkable poet. The life of her widowed mother is entirely devoted to sheltering and aiding the clever child. Then Nancy marries a handsome Italian with no morals, ceases to write poems, and in turn devotes herself to her daughter. That daughter becomes a musical genius and has Europe at her feet (except London critics, delightfully drawn, who declare that the child is frivolous if she does not play Bach, and impertinent if she does). When the book closes we find that the same issue must arise in the third generation. That motherhood means sacrifice is no original discovery, but the thesis is here presented with delicacy and insight. The minor characters are excellent, and there is some humour as well as tragedy in the eclipse of the selfish child-poet in the anxious mother of a child-violinist.

"Lydia." By Everard Hopkins. London: Constable. 1910. 6s.

We begin in the innocent gaiety of prize-day at a girls' school; we proceed to long, long chapters spent in the mildly facetious atmosphere of a suburban tennis club; Lydia is to the fore in both. Lydia falls in love with Colin and marries him in haste—we regret that the author's habit of utilising the present tense for vivid reporting seems to cling to us—and repents at leisure. She had a baby for which she did not care very much, and (like Mrs. Chitterlow) the "finest completely untrained voice in England", for which she began to care when her husband ceased to care for her. So far we have gone gently along in a land of milk and honey, the milk very delicate and harmless and the honey rather sweet and cloying; but Mr. Hopkins lets our innocence down with a bump into low musical comedy, and two cases of marital infidelity; and the mouth in which we had thought butter would

not melt chews the apple of evil down to a bitter core. Surely Mr. Hopkins is ill-advised to wreck his dainty writing and fine sense of the minor delicacies by such a plunge?

"The Dop Doctor." By Richard Dehan. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s.

There is material for half a dozen stories in this long and closely-packed novel, which centres round the siege of Mafeking. Mr. Dehan is as enthusiastic about the commandant of that town as he is caustic towards an amateur lady-journalist who is always scrambling into the limelight. As some of the characters are real persons in the most flimsy of disguises, probably several other figures in the South African war will be fitted with caps—perhaps erroneously—by most readers. The description of life in Mafeking is excellent, but the novel would deserve attention for its dramatic power, apart from the staging. The "Dop Doctor" has drifted to Africa after unmerited professional and social disaster in London, and only the exigencies of war restore him from the life of a sot. The heroine is a girl with a most tragic childhood—left to the care of a bestial innkeeper by her father's sudden death on the veld—who has been rescued from horror by a party of nuns. The Mother Superior of the "Gueldersdorp" convent is one of the finest characters to be imagined, and there is no sentimentality about the author's treatment. In Mafeking an odd drama is developed, the second act of which is played in England. Mr. Dehan has remarkable insight into very dissimilar human types, he is unflinching in his treatment of brutality, and his story is not meant for sheltered souls. But it seems to us—in spite of a certain amateurishness in construction—far the best imaginative work suggested by the Boer war.

"The Wife of Nicholas Fleming." By Paul Waineman. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

The mere fact that the scene of a story is laid in Finland hardly atones for inherent absurdity in the plot, and all Mr. Waineman's loving descriptions of lake scenery will not make us accept a husband of some standing who cannot distinguish his wife from her twin-sister. He had married the frivolous heartless twin, though the noble unselfish twin loved him, and so when the sisters went to bathe, and the bad one put her wedding-ring on the good one's hand and promptly got drowned, the good twin (being a remarkably pure and noble woman) naturally, when nursed back to life, personated her sister and lived as a baroness in guilty splendour, so to say. And the husband merely thought his wife had become much nicer, and so we get what the publishers call "dramatic and poignant results". The secondary hero, by the way, distinguishes himself in the Russo-Japanese war.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Orpheus." By Salomon Reinach. Translated from the French. London: Heinemann. 1909. 8s. 6d. net.

Under the somewhat fantastic title of "Orpheus" Dr. Salomon Reinach presents a sketch of the development of religion from the earliest times to the days of Modernism and the Encyclical "Pascendi". The manner in which this difficult work has been executed is worthy of the highest praise. To compress so vast a mass of material into a narrative extending over some four hundred pages, and to make that narrative interesting and even fascinating to the general reader, is in itself a remarkable achievement. But Dr. Reinach has accomplished more than this. He has not only traced for the benefit of the uninitiated a delightfully lucid outline of the history of religion, but he has filled his pages with an astonishing variety of brilliant suggestions, theories, and explanations which cannot fail to arrest the attention even of the trained scholar. From end to end the book sparkles with originality. Frequently, indeed, one feels compelled emphatically to dissent from the conclusions of the author, but even the most sweeping of his criticisms and the most daring of his hypotheses are illuminating. Dr. Reinach is

(Continued on page 120.)

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perhaps at his strongest when he is tracing out the origins of religious beliefs and customs. On this subject we are presented with some curious information. It is pointed out, for instance, that abstinence from work on the Sabbath is due to the fact that the Sabbath was originally a taboo day—i.e. an unlucky day, one unpropitious for useful and productive toil. Thus the Hebrew of the twentieth century before Christ did no work on Saturday for the same reason that a superstitious Englishman of the twentieth century after Christ will not travel on a Friday or commence a new undertaking on the thirteenth day of the month. The observance of All Souls' Day recalls the Germanic belief that the souls of the dead revisited mankind more especially during the autumn gales, and required to be propitiated. The rite of extreme unction is perhaps derived from Mazdeism, which ordained that the priest should pour *hâoma* into the mouths and ears of the dying person. The cocks upon our steeples commemorate the fact that in Italy, Gaul, and Britain fowls once possessed a sacred character. Few people realise the extent to which our ordinary language is indebted to religion. It is common knowledge, of course, that the English days of the week emblazon the names of Germanic divinities. But other examples, no less striking, might be quoted. "Ogre", for instance, goes back to the Roman *Orcus*, the devourer of corpses; while "assassin" preserves the memory of the sanguinary Shiite sect of *Haschischim*, so called because they intoxicated themselves with *haschisch*. Dr. Reinach brings forward some remarkable parallels for many of the characteristic doctrines of Christianity. It is beyond dispute that the idea of the death and resurrection of a god was no novelty to the heathen to whom S. Paul and S. Peter preached, and that the notion of eating the flesh of the god was exceedingly ancient and widespread. One of the strangest parallels to the Christian communion is supplied from the worship of the Mexicans. On the occasion of the winter festival an image of the god was made in dough; he was then put to death in effigy and the dough distributed to those present to eat. Some of the explanations of legends and mythological stories are delightfully ingenious. Everyone knows the legend of the death of Pan. In the reign of Tiberius a pilot named *Thamus* was steering his vessel round the coast of Epirus, when he heard wailing voices crying from the shore. "*Thamus, Thamus, great Pan (Pan megas) is dead*". Dr. Reinach maintains that the voices belonged to women lamenting the death of *Adonis*, whose sacred name was *Thamuz*, and that what they cried was simply "*Thamuz, Thamuz the all-great (panmegas) is dead*". The explanation is as brilliant as it is convincing. Equally clever is the rationalisation of the story of Prometheus, or the manner of accounting for the "blood-stained" bones of the "martyrs" *Gervasius* and *Probasius*, discovered by S. Ambrose at Milan in 386. It is impossible, however, to follow Dr. Reinach when he attempts to connect the Passion of our Lord with the so-called feast of the *Sacra*, when there was a triumphal procession of a condemned criminal dressed as a king, who was later stripped of his raiment, scourged, and crucified. It is certainly remarkable that, as Philo informs us, the populace of Alexandria gave to one of these improvised kings the name *Karabas*, which ought probably to be amended to read *Barabbas*; and that Origen read in a very ancient MS. of S. Matthew's Gospel that *Barabbas* was called *Jesus Barabbas*. But to suggest on these grounds that the evangelists utterly misunderstood the events that they related, and that Jesus was put to death, not instead of *Barabbas*, but in the character of a *Barabbas*, is to pass the bounds of legitimate and scientific criticism.

"The Autobiography." By Anna Robeson Burr. London: Constable. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

What is it that prompts men and women to write about themselves? and how must we check the sincerity of the autobiographical intention? These are questions which the author of this study has tried to answer. One thing seems clear—the motive that prompts people to write sincere autobiography is itself a simple motive—not compounded of others. It cannot be resolved into vanity or vainglory or the desire to put oneself right with the world. S. Augustine, Cellini, Alfred de Musset, Gibbon, Descartes, Herbert Spencer—this collection of names is enough to show that men as widely as possible apart in character have had this curious wish to tell the plain truth about themselves. With them all it was a straightforward instinct, and not to be denied. The author of this monograph has made a careful collection of the more famous writers of autobiography, and has tried to isolate and determine the motive. Her method is to eliminate the insincere and meretricious writer, and to deal only with those who begin and end with the simple instinct to tell the truth about themselves. One kind of self-revelation is at once ruled out. The moment the writer

makes of his vice a "major topic, dwelt on with enjoyment and written to give enjoyment to creatures like himself, then he forthwith passes out of our hands into those of the pathologist". Rousseau comes perilously near to falling into this category; but his plea, "*Si je ne vaud pas mieux, au moins je suis autre*", is the plea of a genuine autobiographer. Curiously the writer who has given the best definition of genuine autobiography was one who herself was obviously egotistic and untrustworthy. Autobiography, wrote Marie Bashkirtsev, should be written "as if no one in the world were to read it, yet with the purpose of being read". Only then will it spring from the unaffected desire to set down truth for no other reason than that it is true.

"In the Heel of Italy." By Martin Shaw Briggs. London: Melrose. 1910. 8s. 6d. net.

Of books about Italy there really seems to be no end, but of this it can be said that the part it deals with is not yet over-written. It is a complete history and description of the little-known but very charming city of Lecce, capital of the historic Terra d'Otranto. Mr. Briggs is an architect—not a writer—yet he succeeds in interesting us and making us want to follow him through the narrow ways of this characteristically baroque and very dignified little city. The historical chapters are very obviously "compiled"; and there is often evidence of copying without a proper knowledge of the subject. When, for instance, Mr. Briggs tells us that a certain Jesuit's works are recorded by "Sotwel", it is evident that he is copying an Italian writer's bad spelling, and has never himself heard of Southwell, the compiler of the "*Bibliotheca Scriptorum Societatis Jesu*", and when he says that certain Poor Clares (whom he calls "*Clarissans*") were put under "an Ordinario", it is obvious he does not know what "the Ordinary" is. In some parts of the book Italian names are kept where the popular English equivalents should have been given. This seems to be a device to avoid showing ignorance. Why say "*chierico regolare*", and not Clerk Regular, which every educated Englishman would understand? S. Francis of Paul's friars are given their Italian sobriquet of "*Paolotti*"; and the Reformed or Barefoot Carmelites, to be on the safe side, are called "*PP. Teresiani Scalzi*". All these expressions have been copied from Italian writers without an intelligent understanding of their meaning. But the book is most welcome, as containing a mass of information which could not elsewhere be obtained in English. Mr. Briggs, as may be imagined from his profession, is thoroughly at home and happy in his description of the many baroque churches and palaces of this city. As he justly says, "the primary and distinctive interest of Lecce is its possession of a more representative and picturesque collection of baroque buildings than any other town in Italy".

For this Week's Books see page 122.

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MR. HAROLD C. STEWART OF THE MALACCA.

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The following have already appeared in *THE RUBBER WORLD*:

April 21—**THE MERLIMAU.**

April 28—**THE MALACCA.**

May 5—**THE SEAFIELD.**

May 12—**THE MOUNT AUSTIN.**

May 19—**THE SELANGOR.**

May 26—**THE DANGAN.**

June 2—**THE BEVERLEY.**

June 9—**THE LONDON ASIATIC.**

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STANDARD OIL OF CANADA.

The Statutory General Meeting of the Standard Oil Company of Canada, Limited, was held on Thursday, at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. George Macdonald (Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Percy G. Macdonald) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: They had received applications for a very large number of shares, and the amount of cash received was no less than £114,051. Since then there has been received by the Company a further £12,500, making a total received to date of £126,551 1s. 9d. In addition to that there are still some calls to be collected, which amount to a further £17,740, so that the total issue was productive of an amount of no less than £144,291. The seven producing wells—four on the Halliday Farm and three on the Vince Farm—are giving a total production of 100 barrels of oil per day. Assuming that this production continues for three hundred working days out of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, they will be producing 30,000 barrels of oil, and this at the present price of oil ruling in Canada, in addition to the 52½ cents per barrel which is paid by the Government as a bounty upon all oil produced and marketed in the Dominion, would give a gross income of about £10,000 per year. The directors have gone into the question of the sinking of further wells, and it is estimated that during the next eight months they will be able to drill a further fourteen wells upon these two farms. Assuming that those wells will each yield the same amount of oil—namely, ten barrels per day—they will then be in the position of having a further gross income at the end of the first working year of £21,240. The engineer estimates that the sinking of these new wells will cost between £2,000 and £3,000 each, leaving a net profit upon the new wells of £12,740. This, in addition to the £10,000 from the existing wells which are giving oil, would give a gross income for the first year of working of £23,350. In addition to the 14 wells that it is proposed to sink, there is also room for a further 12 wells. The Chairman thought that should they be able to get the sink-

ing of these extra wells done during the present year, they might look forward to a further £10,000 in the way of cash from the oil received, and, allowing \$5,000 per well for the sinking, they should then be in receipt of a gross profit of £33,350. Take from this £4,000 for the administration expenses in Canada and on this side, the company should have available at the end of the first working twelve months a sum equal to about £30,000 to be distributed among the shareholders. The Chairman then said they were going to make an attempt to sink a much deeper well down to a formation that the geologists of the day say underlies the greater part of the territory of Canada. It is a formation known as the Trenton limestone, and it is a formation which in the United States has been prolific of enormous oil production. Up to date there has been no genuine effort made in Canada to sink a well to a depth of 3,000 feet or 4,000 feet down to this particular formation. That is to be one of the objects of this company, and instructions have already been given for such a well to be sunk to the Trenton limestone to prove, once and for all, whether the same oil formation exists in the Dominion of Canada as in the United States. They also intended to test by drilling the 10,000 acres of virgin land over which they have secured oil rights. As 2,000 of these acres are in the vicinity of a field which is known as the Tibury, which is an established and proved oilfield, it is only reasonable to suppose that the proportion of those 2,000 acres which are situated in that field will be oil productive. As to a proposed modification of the purchase agreement. When they received the schedule of the assets that they had agreed to purchase, it was only after actual and close investigation that they began to find out what those assets really consisted of. In addition to the two farms and the large number of acres of virgin petroliferous ground in the Dominion, there was a block of 40,000 fully-paid shares of £1 each in a company called the Dominion Oil Company, which naturally had been assessed at a certain value, and which they, as the purchasing company, were expected to pay for. The directors of this company decided, upon investigation, that the purchase of those shares was not one that they were particularly keen about, and so they invited the representatives of the Crown Gas and Oil Company to come from Canada in order to confer with them, and see whether the principal agreement for purchase should not be modified with regard to these 40,000 shares. After considerable interviews with the representatives who came over from the other side they got them to agree to take off a sum of £20,000 from the purchase price of the property, and to retain those 40,000 shares themselves. This £20,000 is as to £9,000 in cash, and as to £11,000 in shares; so that they will have a further £20,000 to use to good purpose later on. They sent one of their own directors over to Canada to personally inspect the properties, to check all the leases which were being handed over to us, and to see if he could not prevail upon the vendors to make some further slight reduction on account of the few points that still remained to be settled, and had received a cablegram that morning saying that: "The titles have been examined and are in perfect order. The Crown Gas and Oil Company agree to a further reduction of £2,000 in cash and 8,000 shares." That is the reason why up to date they have not been able to send out any notice to the shareholders as to what we have been doing. The whole of the three months which are allowed by law for a new company to call its shareholders together has almost elapsed, and it is only now that they are in a position as directors to inform the shareholders that they are completing the purchase of the properties, and that in doing so they are saving no less than £24,000. The Chairman then said, that this statutory meeting approves of the terms of the contract dated April 21, 1910, and made between the M.T.M. Syndicate, Limited, of the one part and this company of the other part, referred to in the prospectus issued by the company on April 23, 1910, being varied by the omission from the said contract of the shares therein agreed to be purchased, and the reduction of the purchase price payable thereon from the sum of £20,000, as to £9,000, part thereof, in cash, and as to £11,000, residue thereof, in shares.

Mr. Irwin seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

GOLD COAST RUBBER AND MAHOGANY.

The First General (Statutory) Meeting of the Gold Coast Rubber and Mahogany Estates, Limited, was held on Wednesday, Sir Brodric C. D. A. Hartwell, Bart., Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Chas. Larder, A.S.A.A., A.C.I.S.) having read the usual notice,

The Chairman said that he proposed to give a little information as to what the directors had done up to date. One of them, Mr. W. H. Tinney, had gone out to the Gold Coast, which he knew well. Mr. Tinney had taken with him two gentlemen, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Koenig, who had both a considerable experience of the West Coast of Africa. Those gentlemen would take charge of the property when Mr. Tinney returned, and would continue the policy laid down by him. Mr. Tinney would also examine thoroughly the gold reefs on their property. They had received information from a mining engineer who had reported the discovery of a blanket reef on one of their leases, which, he said, was equal to anything he had seen on the West Coast, and the appearance of which was very promising. No doubt they would consider later on the question of the formation of a subsidiary company to work that part of the property. He had recently received a letter from Mr. Tinney which dealt with his march from Axim to the property, and which stated that whilst on his way up he came across several very healthy Funtumia trees. On nicking one of those it had yielded a cupful of latex, which had coagulated readily. Mr. Tinney was of the opinion that the company's land was well placed, but that he would have to consider the question of transport before leaving the country. The titles of the properties were now in order, all rents had been paid up to date, possession had been taken, and before now, work had doubtless been commenced. Shareholders would see, therefore, that no time had been lost. It gave him (the Chairman) great pleasure to refer to another matter from which the directors looked for very satisfactory results. As they would have seen from the report, there was a sum of £5,300 in escrow, and the explanation of that was that their directors had undertaken the control of another property on behalf of the shareholders. Having a strong working capital, and a large cash balance at their disposal, which, for the present, was not required for the development of their property, the directors had deemed it advisable to endeavour to find some use for the money. A large number of propositions had been considered, and recently they had secured, on very favourable terms, what they believed to be one of the most valuable rubber properties that had yet been offered to the public. The estate was situated in the Kamerun Colony, West Africa, and comprised three-quarters of a million of planted rubber trees, which ranged up to six years old. The underwriting arrangements were now in hand, and a company would be brought out shortly to acquire the property, with a capital of £150,000. The Gold Coast Rubber and Mahogany Estates would be the parent company, and would make a satisfactory profit in cash, and at the same time, acquire a very valuable interest in a large plantation company, which would be immediately producing. The directors were very happy indeed to have been able to secure such a very valuable property. The shareholders might expect him to say something about the price of the shares, as it had been pointed out to him that they were recently standing at a slight discount. In order to show, however, that the market price was no criterion of the actual value of the shares, he wished to point out that a 1s. discount represented a market value of considerably less than the actual cash working capital in hand, after payment for the property. They would see, therefore, that the market valuation was a rather absurd one.

After a lengthy discussion, a vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

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MORGAN & METCALF, Bartholomew House and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

BRUCE MILLAR & CO., 70A Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

MAURICE JENKS, NYE & CO., Chartered Accountants, 6 Old Jewry, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.) and REGISTERED OFFICES.

JAMES GOLDING, Spencer House, South Place, London, E.C.

This Parent Company has been formed to Act as an Issuing House of Joint Stock Company enterprises, and particularly with the object of undertaking the transactions commonly undertaken by Financiers, Promoters, Concessionaires, Underwriters and Contractors, and with the other objects set forth in the Memorandum of Association. There are from time to time in the financial world cycles of activity, such as the recent rubber and oil booms, when issuing houses possessed of ample resources and expert knowledge are enabled by prompt and careful action to secure substantial and even phenomenal profits. It is the general opinion that, for some time to come, markets will continue to be good. The Directors consider, therefore, that the present is most opportune for the establishment of a finance Company of the nature of this Corporation, which will not only reap the benefit of enterprises and investments carefully selected and made in active times, but, in addition, will be able, by reason of its strong financial position, to take advantage of the opportunities afforded for making profits owing to periods of depression. The Company will be under the direction of an experienced Board, several members of which have been associated with recent issues which have been so successful that, in each case, underwriters have not only been relieved of liability, but have secured immediate substantial profits. The result of this success has been that numerous offers of other business of a profitable character have been received, and it is with the view to utilising in connection with them the facilities possessed by the Directors that this Company has been formed.

BUSINESS ON OFFER.

Among the businesses on offer mentioned in the full Prospectus are: (a) Producing Rubber Estate, Java; (b) Rubber Estate, Burma, fit for tapping; Timber and Mining Concessions, British Guiana; (c) Oil Property, California, the acquisition, with a view to its re-sale to a Company to be formed, of an important Oil property situated in California; (d) China Clay Property; Freehold Estate, suitable for Town Planning; Russian Oil, underwriting, etc.; 110 South African Gold Claims.

Copies of the full prospectus and forms of application can be obtained of the Company's Bankers (the Capital and Counties Bank, Limited, 35 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., and Head Office and Branches, The Commercial Bank of Scotland, Limited, 62 Lombard Street, E.C., Head Office, Edinburgh, and Branches in Scotland, and of the National Bank, Limited, 34 College Green, Dublin, and Branches in Ireland), Brokers, Solicitors, Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states amongst other things that

The Subscription List will open on THURSDAY, the 21st day of JULY, 1910.

The first Allotment of Shares will be made on or before **TUESDAY, the 26th day of JULY, 1910**, but, in view of Canadian Subscriptions, the List may remain open at the discretion of the Directors.

No Underwriting Commissions. No Options on Shares. No Preferred or Founders' Shares.

The British Columbia Mines, Land and General Finance Company, Limited.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, whereby the liability of a Shareholder is limited to the amount of his Shares.)

CAPITAL - - - £100,000

Divided into 100,000 Shares of £1 each.

THE WHOLE OF THE SHARES ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR,

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:

1s. per Share on application; 1s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; 2s. 6d. per Share within one month after Allotment; 5s. per Share within two months after Allotment; and the balance as and when required in Calls of not more than 5s. per Share, with not less than one month's notice.

The Articles of Association provide that upon any increase of Capital and the issue of new Shares, such issue of Shares shall first be offered to the Shareholders in proportion to the number of existing Shares held by them respectively.

DIRECTORS.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NORMAN R. STEWART, Bart., C.B. (Director of the Standard Oil Co. of Canada, Ltd., and of the Maikop, European and General Oil Trust, Ltd.), 50 Birch Grove, Acton, London, W., Chairman.

LEWIS R. ABBEY-WILLIAMS, Barrister-at-Law, 2 Cromwell Road, Teddington.

SIR THOMAS BROOKE-HITCHING (Chairman of the West London and Provincial Electric Supply Co., Ltd.), 19 Cavendish Square, London, W.

SIR WILLIAM BRERETON HUDSON, K.C.I.E. (Director of the Bengal Doonars Railway Co., Ltd., and of the Consolidated Oil Trust, Ltd.), Egypt House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

ERNEST M. LACEY, M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., M.I.E.E., Iddesleigh Mansions, Caxton Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

JOHN LEESE, Merchant, 5 London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.

BANKERS.

THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LTD., 3 Broad Street Place, London, E.C., Head Office and Branches.

AUDITORS.

MARWICK, MITCHELL & CO., Chartered Accountants, 54½ Old Broad Street, London, E.C.; and at New York, Montreal, Winnipeg, Spokane, etc.

BROKERS.

NORMAN PAINE, NOAKES & CO., 2 and 3 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

J. J. EDWARDS & CO., 28 Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE (pro tem.).

J. H. NASH, 5 London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.

This Company has been formed to transact business as a Mining, Land and General Finance Company.

The Directors will take advantage of the exceptional opportunities for such a company which there will be in British Columbia following the

DISCOVERY OF A PHENOMENAL GOLD-BEARING DISTRICT near Stewart, which has recently become known to the public and has excited world-wide interest.

Cablegrams state that the reports regarding the newly discovered reefs being many miles in extent and containing exceedingly rich ore, are confirmed by railway engineers, who state that this will be one of the greatest mineral discoveries ever made.

It is already announced that a section of the Canadian Northern Railway now under construction will be severed to pass through the district and pushed on with all possible speed.

A great rush to the district has begun, and it seems probable that it will equal the famous rushes which followed the finding of goldfields in California, Australia, South Africa, and the Klondyke.

The many great opportunities for the Company, which will commence operations in the district immediately, will therefore be readily appreciated.

The Company will acquire claims or options thereon and form subsidiary companies to purchase and work same. In these operations enormous profits should be made, as was the case with capitalists and syndicates operating in a similar manner in other goldfields.

Individuals owning claims on the newly discovered reefs will be able to do little without capital. Owing to the formation of the reefs the wealth therein will be gained by capitalists and companies able to provide the necessary machinery. These circumstances are specially favourable to this Company. The Directors will employ expert mining engineers to advise them upon properties.

Another field of operation will be the acquisition of land in the town centres, and judicious employment of capital in this way should bring very large profits. Fortunes were created by the appreciation in the value of real estate where, for instance, San Francisco grew up with phenomenal rapidity, and, to mention a recent example, Dawson City sprang into being amazingly, and is now a large, busy town.

The gold-bearing district in question, which is in British territory, is comparatively easy of access, and being 1,000 miles further south than the Klondyke, the conditions will be much more favourable than there. The town of Stewart, which was only established a short time ago, but had already grown rapidly before the latest discoveries in the district, is situated at the head of the Portland Canal, a deep fiord on the Pacific coast, about 500 miles north of Vancouver and 100 miles north of Prince Rupert, which will be the terminus of the trans-continental system of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which by arrangement with the Government must be completed by 1911. Possessing a great sheltered waterway capable of accommodating large steamers, and having a temperate climate, Stewart is excellently situated for development.

In Prince Rupert also there are special inducements for investment in real estate at the present time. Very large profits should certainly be made

by taking advantage of the opportunities there. Upon completion of the small remaining section of the new trans-continental railroad, this town, with its magnificent harbour and as the centre for opening up of enormous natural resources, besides benefitting considerably from the developments in the gold-bearing districts in the north, must rapidly rise in importance and become an addition to the striking instances of growth for which the Western world is famous.

Cablegrams have also been received in London reporting that other rich gold-reef discoveries have recently been made in Alaska. The President of the Alaska Northern Railway is reported to state that a new reef discovered in the Bonnyfield district of Alaska will prove more important than any other goldfield yet found in Alaska. The Directors will take advantage of opportunities for profitable business in connection with mining there or elsewhere in North America.

The general mineral characteristics of British Columbia are indicated by the following extract from a statement issued in 1907 by the Government Bureau of Mines:—

"The country is traversed in a north-westerly direction by four more or less continuous chains of mountains. . . . Each of these mountain ranges has been proved to contain mineral in sufficient quantity to be profitably mined, while the valleys of the interior lying immediately to the west of the Rocky Mountain range proper are gold-bearing throughout the whole length of the Province, and have been and are being worked in places to great profit. . . . It may be truthfully said that the whole Province has been proved worthy of systematic examination, or 'prospecting,' as it is usually termed. As yet, serious work of this description has been confined to within a comparatively few miles of the railways, and not more than 20 per cent. of the entire area of British Columbia can be said to be really known, while even not half of that portion has been examined closely or in detail, by which means only will its value be shown. It will thus be seen that about 300,000 square miles of country, known to be extensively mineralised, still remain as a virgin field for the prospector and for the investor in undeveloped prospects a field such as exists to-day nowhere else in the world."

The Bureau of Mines reports that "the distribution of coal seems general. . . . the greater part of this immense reserve of power remains dormant at present," and that "the coal found is a first-class bituminous, carrying from 60 to 75 per cent. of fixed carbon, from 20 to 30 per cent. of volatile combustible matter, and from 3 to 9 per cent. of ash." The enormous measures of coal will have a most important bearing upon the development of the Province's industries and the shipping trade of its ports, and in the extension of coal-mining there will be good opportunities for investment.

The timber resources of British Columbia are renowned. The progress made by the lumber industry of the Province is evidenced by the following figures: The total cutting during 1909 was 755,000,000 feet, comparing with 325,271,500 feet during 1904. By the depletion of other forests of North America and the increasing demand for timber consequent on the expansion of railroads and the growth of population, particularly in the western portions of Canada, where the incoming of settlers grows in volume astonishingly, the lumber industry of British Columbia is attaining a position of commanding importance. The opening of the Panama Canal will cause further great development in the export of timber from this Province.

The circumstances in connection with this industry, which make it particularly attractive to investors, have recently been given much publicity by leading British journals, and in operations in this field this Company should make handsome profits.

The following figures of the bank clearings of the city of Vancouver, showing striking increase, are an indication of the rapid extension of business in the Province during recent years:—Year 1905-6, \$95,744,201; 1906-7, \$147,958,919; 1907-8, \$191,250,100.

With the exceedingly important railway developments now proceeding in British Columbia, acceleration was to be anticipated in the growth of the industries of the Province, which has vast natural resources of many kinds. The results of the new goldfield discovery will give additional impetus to the general commercial development of the Province.

In the rapidly proceeding development of British Columbia (which has an area twice as large as Great Britain) and other provinces of the Dominion of Canada, there will be opportunities for profitable business for the Company besides the operations referred to above. The Company will engage in the organisation of enterprises and the promotion of companies of all kinds, and will act as an issuing house in London for new capital issues of Canadian companies and as Fiscal Agents generally.

Several proposals of business of a promising nature in connection with gold and copper properties and timber have already been brought before the Company and will have the careful consideration of the Directors immediately after allotment.

Subject to payment of preliminary expenses, the whole of the capital now subscribed will be available for working capital. No underwriting commissions are payable. No Shares are reserved subject to options.

Information given in compliance with the requirements of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, is contained in the full Prospectus.

Copies of the full Prospectus (on the terms of which applications will alone be received) and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Office of the Company, and the Bankers, Brokers, Auditors, and Solicitors.

Dated, London, July 20, 1910.

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